The Real Diary Of A Real Boy

Henry A Shute

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Old Corner Book

The Real Diary Of a Real Boy

By

HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of "Sequil," "Letters to Beany," "Real Boys," etc., etc.

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Introduction

IN the winter of 1901–02, while rummaging an old closet in the shed-chamber of my father's house, I unearthed a salt-box which had been equipped with leather hinges at the expense of considerable ingenuity, and at a very remote period. In addition to this, a hasp of the same material, firmly fastened by carpet-tacks and a catch of bent wire, bade defiance to burglars, midnight marauders, and safe-breakers.

With the aid of a tack-hammer the combination was readily solved, and an eager examination of the contents of the box disclosed:—

Introduction

1. Fish-line of braided shoemaker's thread, with perch hook, to which adhered the mummied remains of a worm that lived and flourished many, many years ago.

2. Popgun of pith elder and hoop-skirt wire.

3. Horse-chestnut bolas, calculated to revolve in opposite directions with great velocity, by an up-and-down motion of the holder's wrist; also extensively used for the adornment of telegraph-wires,—there were no telephones in those days,—and the cause of great profanity amongst linemen.

4. More fish-hooks of the ring variety, now obsolete.

5. One blood alley, two chinees, a

parti-colored glass agate, three pewees, and unnumbered drab-colored marbles.

6. Small bow of whalebone, with two arrows.

7. Six-inch bean-blower, for school use—a weapon of considerable range and great precision when used with judgment behind a Guyot's Common School Geography.

8. Unexpended ammunition for same, consisting of putty pellets.

9. Frog's hind leg, extra dry.

10. Wing of bluejay, very ditto.

11. Letter from "Beany," postmarked "Biddeford, Me.," and expressing great indignation because "Pewt" "hasent wrote."

12. Copy-book inscribed "Diry."

Introduction

The examination of this copy-book lasted the rest of the day, and it was read with the peculiar pleasure one experiences in reviewing some of the events of a happy boyhood.

With the earnest hope that others may experience a little of the pleasure I gained from the reading, I submit the "Diry" to the public.

HENRY A. SHUTE.

EXETER, N. H., *Sept.* 23, 1902.

FATHER thot i aught to keep a diry, but i sed i dident want to, because i coodent wright well enuf, but he sed he wood give $1000 dolars if he had kept a diry when he was a boy.

Mother said she gessed nobody wood dass to read it, but father said everybody would tumble over each other to read it, anyhow he wood give $1000 dolars if he had kept it. i told him i wood keep one regular if he wood give me a quarter of a dolar a week, but he said i had got to keep it anyhow and i woodent get no quarter for it neither, but he woodent ask to read it for a year, and i

know he will forget it before that, so i am going to wright just what i want to in it. Father always forgets everything but my lickins. he remembers them every time you bet.

So i have got to keep it, but it seems to me that my diry is worth a quarter of a dolar a week if fathers is worth $1000 dolars, everybody says father was a buster when he was a boy and went round with Gim Melcher and Charles Talor. my grandmother says i am the best boy she ever see, if i dident go with Beany Watson and Pewter Purinton, it was Beany and Pewt made me tuf.

there dos'nt seem to be much to put into a diry only fites and who

got licked at school and if it ranes or snows, so i will begin today.

December 1, 186– brite and fair, late to brekfast, but mother dident say nothing. father goes to boston and works in the custum house so i can get up as late as i want to. father says he works like time, but i went to boston once and father dident do anything but tell stories about what he and Gim Melcher usted to do when he was a boy. once or twice when a man came in they would all be wrighting fast, when the man came in again i sed why do you all wright so fast when he comes in and stop when he goes out, and the man sort of laffed and went out laffing, and the men were

mad and told father not to bring that dam little fool again.

December 2. Skinny Bruce got licked in school today. I told my granmother about it and she said she was glad i dident do enything to get punnished for and she felt sure i never wood. i dident tell her i had to stay in the wood box all the morning with the cover down. i dident tell father either you bet.

December 2. rany. i forgot to say it raned yesterday too. i got cold and have a red rag round my gozzle.

December 2. pretty near had a fite in schol today. Skinny Bruce and Frank Elliot got rite up with there fists up when the bell rung. it

was two bad, it wood have been a buly fite. i bet on Skinny.

December 3, 186– brite and fair. went to church today. Me and Pewt and Beany go to the Unitarial church. we all joined sunday school to get into the Crismas festerval. they have it in the town hall and have two trees and supper and presents for the scholars. so we are going to stay til after crismas anyway the unitarials have jest built a new church. Pewt and Beany's fathers painted it and so they go there. i don't know why we go there xcept because they don't have any church in the afternoon. Nipper Brown and Micky Gould go there. we all went

into the same class. our teacher is Mister Winsor a student. we call them stewdcats. after we had said our lesson we all skinned out with Mr. Winsor. when we went down Maple street we saw 2 roosters fiting in Dany Wingates yard, and we stoped to see it. i knew more about fiting roosters than any of the fellers, because me and Ed Towle had fit roosters lots. Mr. Winsor said i was a sport, well while the roosters were fiting, sunday school let out and he skipped acros the street and walked off with one of the girls and we hollered for him to come and see the fite out, and he turned red and looked mad. the leghorn squorked

and stuck his head into a corner. when a rooster squorks he wont fite any more.

December 5. snowed today and school let out at noon. this afternoon went down to the library to plug stewdcats. there was me and Beany and Pewt, and Whacker and Pozzy Chadwick and Pricilla Hobbs. Pricilla is a feller you know, and Pheby Talor, Pheby is a feller too, and Lubbin Smith and Nigger Bell, he is'nt a nigger only we call him Nigger, and Tommy Tompson and Dutchey Seamans and Chick Chickering, and Tady Finton and Chitter Robinson.

December 6. Gim Wingate has got a new bobtail coat.

December 7, 186– Got sent to bed last nite for smoking hayseed cigars and can't go with Beany enny more It is funny, my father wont let me go with Beany becaus he is tuf, and Pewts father wont let Pewt go with me becaus im tuf, and Beanys father says if he catches me or Pewt in his yard he will lick time out of us. Rany today.

December 8. Skinny Bruce got licked in school today. Skipy Moses was in the wood box all the morning.

December 9. brite and fair, speakin day today. missed in Horatius at the brige.

December 10. Clowdy but no

rane. went to church. lots of new fellers in sunday school. me and Beany and Pewt and Pile Woods and Billy Folsom and Jimmy Gad and lots of others. Mister Winsor dident teach today, gess they woodent let him on account of the rooster fite.

December 11. My new boots from Tommy Gads came today. i tell you they are clumpers. no snow yet.

December 12. Crismas is pretty near, dont know wether i shall get ennything. father says i dont desirve ennything. you can get goozeberrys down to Si Smiths 1 dozen for 5 cents. He has a funny sine it is

flour
meal
molasses
sugar
coffee
tea
spises
pork &
lard
salt
butter
ham
eggs
&so

December 15. Fite at resess today, Gran Miller and Ben Rundlet. Ben licked him easy. the fellers got to stumping each other to fite.

Micky Gould said he cood lick me and i said he want man enuf and he said if i wood come out behind the school house after school he wood show me and i said i wood and all the fellers hollered and said they wood be there. But after school i thaught i aught to go home and split my kindlings and so i went home. a feller aught to do something for his family ennyway. i cood have licked him if i had wanted to.

December 16. Tady Finton got licked in school today. snowed today a little.

December 17. rained in the nite and then snowed a little. it was auful slipery and coming out of church Squire Lane fell down whak and Mr.

Burley cought hold of the fence and his feet went so fast that they seemed all fuzzy, i tell you if he cood run as fast as that he cood run a mile a minite.

December 18. brite and fair. nothing particilar. o yes, Skinny Bruce got licked in school.

December 19. Cold as time. Went to a sosiable tonite at the Unitarial vestry. cant go again because Keene told mother i was impident to the people. i want impident. you see they was making poetry and all sitting around the vestry. they wanted to play copenhagin and post office and clap in and clap out, but Mister Erl woodent let them because it was in church. so they had

to play poetry. one person wood give a word and then the oppisite person wood give a word that rimed with it. it was auful silly. a girl wood give the word direxion and then a stewdcat wood say affexion and waul his eyes towards the girl. and then another wood say miss, and another stewdcat wood say kiss and then he wood waul his eyes, and when it came my turn i said what rimes with jellycake, and the girls turned red and the stewdcats looked funny, and Mister Burley said if i coodent behave i had better go home. Keene needent have told mother anyway. You jest wait Keene, and see what will happen some day.

December 20. Bully skating. went after school and skated way up to the eddy, was going to skate with Lucy Watson but Pewt and Beany hollered so that i dident dass to. John Toomey got hit with a hockey block rite in the snoot and broke his nose.

December 21. Brite and fair. nothing particular to-day. nobody got licked. old Francis had his hand done up in a sling. he said he had a bile on it. i tell you the fellers were glad.

December 22. Warm and rany and spoiled the skating. coodent do anything but think of Crismas.

December 23. Saturday and no skating. went down to the library

to get a book for sunday. me and Beany were sticking pins into the fellers and making them holler and Jo Parsons the libarian jumped rite over the counter and chased us way down to Mr. Hams coffin shop. he dident catch us either. then we went down town and Billy Swett lent me a dime novel to read sunday. it was named Billy Bolegs a sequil to Nat Tod the traper. sequil means the things in Nat Tod that was not finished.

December 24. Brite and fair. Crismas tomorrow. went to sunday school. Mr. Lovel is our teacher now.

December 25. Crismas. got a new nife, a red and white scarf and

a bag of Si Smiths goozeberies. pretty good for me.

December 26. Crismas tree at the town hall. had supper and got a bag of candy and a long string of pop corn. Mr. Lovel took off the presents and his whiskers caught fire, and he hollered o hell right out. that was pretty good for a sunday school teacher, wasent it. Jimmy Gad et too much and was sick.

December 27. Beany has got a new striped shirt not a false bosom but a whole shirt. Beany wont speak to me now. Lucy Watson has got a new blew hat with a fether. she wont speak to Keene and Cele eether. you jest wait Beany and Lucy and see.

Of a Real Boy

Jan. 1, 186– Had an awful time in school today. me and Cawcaw Harding set together. when we came in from resess Cawcaw reached over and hit me a bat, and i lent him one in the snoot, and he hit me back. we was jest fooling, but old Francis called Cawcaw up front to lick him. i thought if i went up and told him he wood say, noble boy go to your seat, i wont lick neether of you. anyway i knew that Cawcaw wood tell on me, and so i told old Francis i hit Cawcaw first, and old Francis said Harry i have had my eye on you for a long time, and he jest took us up and slammed us together, and then he wood put me down and shake Cawcaw and then

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he wood put Cawcaw down and shake me till my head wabbled and he turned me upside down and all the fellers looked upside down and went round and round and somehow i felt silly like and kind of like laffin. i dident want to laff but coodent help it. and then he talked to us and sent us to our seats and told us to study, and i tried to but all the words in the book went round and round and i felt awful funny and kind of wabbly, and when i went home mother said something was the matter and i told her and then i cried, i don't know what i cried for, becaus i dident ake any. father said he wood lick me at home when i got licked at school and perhaps that was

why i cried. ennyway when father come home i asked him if he was a going to lick me and he said not by a dam sight, and he gave me ten cents and when i went to bed i got laffin and crying all to once, and coodent stop, and mother set in my room and kept her hand on my forred until i went to sleep. i drempt i was fiting all the time. when i get big enuf there is going to be a fite between me and old Francis, you see if there aint.

Jan. 2, Me and Beany has made up. i told him i had ten cents and then he dident feel so big about his new shirt. ennyway we went down to Si Smiths and got a dozen goozeberries and then went down to doc-

tor Derborns and got a glass of sody water and took turns drinking it and seeing which cood gulp the loudest. Beany beat.

Jan. 3. brite and fair. Went down to Pewts tonite to make hayseed cigars. We made 5 kinds, hayseed, sweet firn, cornsilk, mullin leeves, and grape vine. my mouth taisted aufuly all nite.

Jan. 4. brite and fair. Pewt dident come to school today. i gess he was sick. my mouth taisted aufuly all day.

Jan. 5. clowdy and aufuly cold. Pewt came to school today and got a licking for puting gum on Nigger Bells seat. Nig set in it til it dride and then tride to get up and coodent.

then old Francis come down the ile and snaiked Nigger out and when he see the gum he asked us who put it there. we all said we dident, but he licked Pewt becaus he had seen Pewt chooing gum.

Jan. 6. it snowed last nite and today. Speaking in school today. i spoke the berrial of sir John More. old Francis said he never heard ennything wirse in his life. i hope he wont tell father. this afternoon we pluged stewdcats.

Jan. 7. Ed Towle has got a gote. the fellers stumped me to hold him by the horns and he buted me over in the slosh. mother said i had no bisiness to be playing on sunday.

Jan. 8. brite and fair. there is go-

ing to be a nigger show in the town hall tonite. father says i cant go becaus i sassed aunt Sarah. it is uncle Toms cabbin.

Jan. 9. brite and fair. Beany went to the nigger show. he led one of the bludhouns in the prosession and got a ticket. Beany had on a red coat jest like the dogs. he said it was buly.

Jan. 10. rany. Nipper Brown is the best scolar in my class. i am the wirst. i can lick Nipper easy.

Jan. 11. brite and fair. After school me and Beany and Pewt and Fatty Melcher and Pozzy Chadwick and lots of fellers went skating on fresh river. i was skating backwerd and i got one leg in a eal hole, gosh

the water was cold and before i got home my britches leg was all froze.

Jan. 12. nobody got licked in school today, gess why, becaus there wassent enny school. old Francis was sick, i went skating.

Jan. 13. brite and—no it was rany. had a speling mach today in school. Cele and Genny Morrison staid up til the last and then Cele missed and set down balling, and Genny beat. i cant stop to wright enny more becaus i am going to the levee with father.

Jan. 14, 186– Went to a big levee last nite at the town hall. Bill Morrill and Nuel Head and Dave Quimby and Frank Hervey got it up. they had Hook and Pasons

quadril band of Haverhil. father bought a ticket becaus he was in the custum house and has to be frends with people. it was splendid. most everybody went all dressed up in blue silk and red and crokay slippers. Ham Perkins and Charlie Lane and Charley Piper and Chick Randall and Dan Ranlet and Grace Morril and the Head girls and Sweat girls and Carrie Towle and Sarah Clark, J. Albert Clarks sister and the Mel cher boys and they all hopped round pretty lively, i tell you. i staid until 12 o'clock and listened to the band. i never had so good time in my life.

Jan. 15. i am all spekled over. mother says she is afrade i have got

chicken pocks. i gess i have been in the hen koop to mutch.

Jan. 16. the speckles have all gone of. doctor Perry says i et to many donuts.

Jan. 18. brite and fair. yesterday to and day before yesterday i have forgot.

Jan. 19. snowed all day. Me and Beany is mad.

Jan. 20. father is sick becaus he et to mutch salt fish and potato and pork. he is auful cross and hit me a bat today becaus i left the door open. i gess he will be sorry when i am ded.

Jan. 21. brite and fair. went to church in the morning and in the

afternoon greeced some paper and trased some pictures.

Jan. 22. i had to stay in the wood-box today for whispering to Whacker with the cover down. i like it becaus they is a peep hole in the box and you can see the fellers and they cant see you. by and by Gimmy Fits-gerald whispered and old Francis put him in to and we took turns peep-ing.

Jan. 23. it raned hard all day and we had one sesion. Beany came over and we made up and plaid in the barn making fly boxes.

Jan. 24. nothing much today, rany in the morning and froze at night.

Jan. 25. brite and fair. everything

was covered with ice and when father started for the depot he tumbled down the front steps from the top to the botom. mother says he went bumpity bump and his hat went one way and his dinner box went the other. i herd him swaring aufuly about that dam boy, and i gess he wood have come up and licked time out of me, but he had to hurry to get the train.

Jan. 26. jest as soon as the skating comes it has to snow and spoil it.

Jan. 27. i coodent go out of the yard this afternoon becaus i dident put ashes on the front steps before father fell down and so Pewt and Beany and Whacker and Nibby Hartwell and Diddly Colket and

Nipper and Prisilla and Gim Wingit and lots of the fellers came over and we had a snowball fite. mother says she hops father wont keep me at home anuther afternoon.

Jan. 28. brite and fair. it never ranes sundays so a feller cant go to church.

Jan. 29. Nothing puticular today. it always seams harder to go to school mundays, more fellers gets licked mundays than enny day in the weak. i got stood on the platform with my head in the corner for looking of my book today.

Jan. 30. brite and fair. i have got a auful chilblane on my heel.

Jan. 31. brite and fair. i was glad today was wensday in the afternoon

i went skating. the students played baseball on the ice.

Feb. 1. brite and fair. pretty soon it will be Washintons berthday, and then all the boys can ring the town bell at noon and at nite.

Feb. 2. clowdy but no snow. tomorror will be saterday they is only 2 days in the weak that is wirth ennything and that is wensday and saterday except in vacation.

Feb. 3. Snowed like time all the forenoon. in the afternoon me and Pewt and Beany rolled up some big snowballs. then tonite we put all the balls together and made a big snowman rite in front of Mrs. Lewises front door. then we put a old hat on it and hung a peace of paper

on it and wrote man wanted on the paper. tomorrow all the people who go to church will see it and laff becaus Mister Lewis got a devorse. they will be some fun tomorrow.

Feb. 5. i coodent wright ennything last nite becaus i got sent to bed and got a licking. i tell you we got in a auful scrape. sunday morning me and Pewt and Beany went out erly to see our snowman. he was there and when people began to go by they began to laff, and most of the people said it was the funniest thing they ever see and who ever put it there was a pretty smart feller. so we said we did it and Pewt said he thought of it ferst and Beany said he

did, and i said i did most of the werk.

Well, pretty soon some people came along and looked at it and said it was a shame and they went over to pull of the paper and she came out and see it, and she took a broom and nocked it over and broke it all up. and then she went rite down to my house to tell father. then she went over to Beanys house and then up to Pewts. well after church father took me over to her house, and Beany was there with his father and Pewt with his father. she said she wood have us arested for it. but they talked a long time and after a while she said if our fathers wood

lick us and make us saw and split a cord of wood she woodent say no more about it. when we went out father said, i never see such dam boys did you Brad, did you Wats, and they said they never did. so we have got to saw and split that wood and we got licked two.

Feb. 6. brite and fair. me and Pewt and Beany sawed and split some wood for Misses Lewis.

Feb. 7. brite and fair. sawed some more wood, me and Pewt and Beany.

Feb. 8. brite and fair. split some more wood, me and Pewt and Beany.

Feb. 9. Fatty Melcher and Caw-caw Harding, Chitter Robinson and

Medo Thurston helped saw some more wood.

Feb. 10. Brite and fair. this afternoon Whack Pozzy and Boog Chadwick, Dutchy Semans, Nigger Bell Pop Clark, Shinny Thing and Pile Wood all come down with saws and axes and helped us saw that wood, we worked all the afternoon and got it done and piled up before dark. then Misses Lewis asked us in and gave us some buly donuts and some sweatened water and we sung and told stories and before we went we told her we was sorry we bilt the snowman and she said she was sorry two. then when we went away we give 3 cheers for her.

Feb. 11. brite and fair. i shant forget last sunday very soon.

Feb. 12. rany today. i dont care becaus i havent got to saw enny more wood.

Feb. 13. still rany. i dont care.

Feb. 14. pretty cold today. going to have a new kind of speling mach tomorrow.

Feb. 15. Got to the head in spelling today. old Francis makes us all stand up in the ile and gives us a lot of words to spell and then we wright them down on our slates and then the head feller or girl changes slates with the foot feller or girl and so on and then old Francis wrights the words on the blackboard and then we mark each others slates. John

Flanygin was the foot feller and had my slate. well most of Johns words was wrong. but John marked mine all write. i gess John dident know it, but ther was 4 or 5 of my words speled wrong. i set out to tell old Francis but dident dass to becaus he licked me for teling that i paisted Cawcaw Harding that time. so i kept still and kept at the head and John kept at the foot. i hope John will do it again tomorrow.

Feb. 16. Beat in speling today.

Feb. 17. beat in speling today.

Feb. 19. Beat in speling today. old Francis is a going to give a prise tomorrow. i told father i was pretty sure to get it and he said it will be the first one. Aunt Sarah asked

him if he took many prises. and he said he dident get much of a prise when he got me. i gess he wont say that tomorrow when i bring my prise home.

Feb. 20. i dident get the prise. you see yesterday John Flanygin spelt more words write than Gimmy Fitsgerald and Gimmy went to the foot. when we marked slates Gimmy marked 9 of my words wrong out of 20, and i had to go down most to where John Flannygin was. old Francis said he dident beleave i had aught to have staid at the head so long as i did and i was afraid he wood lick me and John but he dident. he said he was ashamed and disapointed in me but i gess he was

not the only one who was disapointed. i had told Pewt and Beany i wood treat on what father wood give me for getting the prise. Pewt and Beany was both mad, and are going to lay for Gimmy.

Feb. 21, i forgot to say what the wether was most every day this weak. it has been brite and fair most of the time, only it snowed two days and raned most of one day. brite and fair today and cold as time.

Feb. 23, Clowdy and cold. Pop Clark had to crawl through a chair today. he went through so fast old Francis only hit him 2 bats. Tady Finton and Nigger Bell both got licked. Tady dident cry or holler a bit, but Nigger hollered just like a

girl. i supposed Nigger was more of a man than that.

Feb. 24, Beany and Pewt got punching today in school and old Francis made them stand on the platform with their arms round each others neck all the forenoon, i bet they felt pretty cheep. Brite and fair.

Feb. 25, i have got a new pair of britches at erl and Cutts. i gess Beany aint the only one which has good clothes eather.

Feb. 26. Nothing particular today. Went down to old Heads shop to see the stewdcats ride velosipedes. There is going to be a race in the town hall tomorrow night.

Feb. 27. Father said i cood go to

the velosipede race if i woodent miss splitting my kindlings for a week. i did miss them twice but mother dident tell him and if he dont ask her before tonight i am all right.

Feb. 28. Last night went to the velosipede race. it was jest ripping. i got down before the door opened. Bob Carter came pretty soon but he woodent let us in until the ticket man came. Mr. Watson was the ticket man and he let me and Beany and Shinny Thing in free. they had a lot of seats in the center of the hall, and the rest round the edges, and a open track around the hall. On the platform set Bill Morrill and Dave Quimby and John Getchell and Eben Folsom. Most of the fellers

in the race were stewdcats and most of the stewdcats and the girls had the seats in the center of the hall. The stewdcats who were to race were Stone and Stuart and Lee and Clifford and August Belmont and Swift and Nichols and George Kent and Cutler and Johnny Heald and Gear and Burly and Bob Morison. the townies were Charlie Gerish and Doctor Prey. each feller rode round the hall twice to get going like time, and then Dave Quimby hollered go and he had to ride around the hall until he had rid a quarter of a mile.

When the stewdcats rode all the other stewdcats yelled and the girls waved their handkerchiefs and the

band played and the excitement was dreadful.

After a while Docter Prey came out and all the townies got up and cheered and the band played the star spangled banner, because Doctor fit in the war, and Doctor took of his hat and bowed and then rode round like time. he rode faster than most every one of them except Stone and Stuart and Lee and Clifford and Belmont and Swift. i gess if Doc hadent fit so hard in the war he wood have beat them all. and then Charlie Gerish came out and all the townies hollered again and Charlie made his legs go so fast that they coodent hardly see them, and jest before the

last time around his velosipede slipped and Charlie went fluking over three settees. he jumped on his velosipede again and went around with his britches all torn but he dident get around quite quick enuf to beat Stone, then the townies yelled and said it was a cheat and the stewdcats hissed, and some of the townies said they could lick the stewdcats, and the stewdcats said they wasent man enuf and it looked as if there was a going to be a row when Charlie Gerrish got up and said he was beat fair and there wasent enything to get mad about, and that he would like to shake hands with the stewdcat which beat him, and he wood like to race him an-

other time but he coodent then because he hurt his leg, and then they shook hands and every one felt buly, and the stewdcats said hooray for Charlie and the townies hollered hooray for Stone, and Bill Morrill made a speech and give the prise to Stone and the band played and we all went home. i bet Doc. Prey and Charlie Gerrish can lick any two stewdcats in the hall.

Mar. 2. i went to a show in the town hall tonight. it was a singing show called the haymakers. it was splendid. Mr. Gale got it up. they have been practising all winter. Alice Gewell was a dary maid and Charlie Lane was a katydid, and lots of others sung. it was splendid.

The Real Diary

Mar. 3. Cloudy but no rane. went down to Langley's store for some juju paste, saw a fite. Old Kize tried to arest Bill Hartnit and Bill lammed time out of him and after a while old Swain came up and arrested him.

Mar. 4. Brite and fair. Went to church to-day, the fernace smoked so the people had to come home. They say they will have it fixed before next sunday. i hope not.

Mar. 5. School closes tomorrow. i got kept after school tonight for whispering to Cawcaw.

Mar. 6. School closed today and we voted for prises. Mr. Gordon give 4 prizes for the 2 best fellers and 2 best girls for the term. So we voted

for them. Most of the fellers wanted to vote for Jenny Morrison because she was the prettiest girl there and can go the greeshun bend better than enny girl in the school. and most of the girls dident like Jenny Morrison and wanted to vote for Dora Moses and Mary Luverin, and the girls wanted to vote for Lees Moses because he was polite to them and rather go with the girls than the boys and we holler at him, but he can fite for i saw him lick Gim Erly one day, and Gim Erly can rassle better than enny one but Jack Melvil. well most of the fellows wanted to vote for Tady Finton or Pop Clark or Skinny Bruce because they never get mad or cry when they are

licked and make lots of fun, but we knew they coodent get the prize for they are all the time raising time and getting licked and so we voted for Honey Donovan and Moses Gordon, and when the votes was counted Dora Moses and Mary Luvering got the prizes for the girls and Mose Gordon and Nigger Bell for the boys. That was all write about Dora Moses and Mary Luverin because they was the best girls and always went together, but we dident like it very well about Mose and Nigger, only we thought that so long as Mose's father give the prizes Mose ought to have one. i gess most of the girls must have voted for Nig, because

they was mad with Lees Moses. i know what they was mad at too.

Then the first class give old Francis a present of some books and when he turned over the leaves there was twenty dollars there, and old Francis was surprised and made a fine speech, and the people all clapped becaus he made such a good speech. i heard him saying it over the night before when i was kept after school. No school for 2 weeks.

Mar. 7. When my father was a boy he was the best fiter in this town.

Mar. 9. Went down to Fatty Melchers today to make a violin, we cut a piece of wood the shape of a

violin then take some horsehairs and strech them over a brige and you can play a tune on them. in school i learnt to play on a piece of india rubber. you pull a piece of elastic out of your congres boot and hold it in your teeth and pull it tite and snap it with your fingers and you can play tunes that you can hear but no one else can. old Francis saw me snapping the elastic and came and took it away. i have got plenty more in my boot. i am saving money to buy me a cornet. when i get enuf i am a going to play in the band.

Mar. 10. plesent day. old Si Smiths big white dog and a bull dog had an awful fite today. neether licked and they had to squert water

on them to seperate them. they dident make no noise, only jest hung write on to each others gozzles. my aunt Sarah said it was dredful, and she staid to the window to see how dredful it was.

Mar. 11, 186– Went to church in the morning. the fernace was all write. Mister Lennard preeched about loving our ennymies, and told every one if he had any angry feelings towards ennyone to go to him and shake hands and see how much better you wood feel. i know how it is becaus when me and Beany are mad we dont have eny fun and when we make up the one who is to blam always wants to treet. why when Beany was mad with me becaus i

went home from Gil Steels surprise party with Lizzie Towle, Ed Towles sister, he woodent speak to me for 2 days, and when we made up he treated me to ice cream with 2 spoons and he let me dip twice to his once. he took pretty big dips to make up. Beany is mad if enny of the fellers go with Lizzie Towle. she likes Beany better than she does enny of the fellers and Beany ought to be satisfied, but sometimes he acks mad when i go down there to fite roosters with Ed. i gess he needent worry much, no feller isnt going to leave of fiting roosters to go with no girls. well i most forgot what i was going to say, but after church i went up to Micky Gould who was going to fite

me behind the school house, and said Micky lets be friends and Micky said, huh old Skinny, i can lick you in 2 minits and i said you aint man enuf and he called me a nockneed puke, and i called him a wall eyed lummix and he give me a paist in the eye and i gave him a good one in the mouth, and then we rassled and Micky threw me and i turned him, and he got hold of my new false bosom and i got hold of his hair, and the fellers all hollered hit him Micky, paist him Skinny, and Mister Purington, Pewts father pulled us apart and i had Mickys paper collar and necktie and some of his hair and he had my false bosom and when i got home father made me go to bed and stay

there all the afternoon for fiting, but i gess he dident like my losing my false bosom. ennyway he asked me how many times i hit Micky and which licked. he let me get up at supper time. next time i try to love my ennymy i am a going to lick him first.

Went to a sunday school concert in the evening. Keene and Cele sung now i lay me down to sleep. they was a lot of people sung together and Mister Gale beat time. Charlie Gerish played the violin and Miss Packerd sung. i was scart when Keene and Cele sung for i was afraid they would break down, but they dident, and people said they sung like night horks. i gess if they

knowed how night horks sung they woodent say much. father felt pretty big and to hear him talk you wood think he did the singing. he give them ten cents apeace. i dident get none. you gest wait, old man till i get my cornet.

Went to a corcus last night. me and Beany were in the hall in the afternoon helping Bob Carter sprinkle the floor and put on the sordust. the floor was all shiny with wax and aufully slipery. so Bob got us to put on some water to take off the shiny wax. well write in front of the platform there is a low platform where they get up to put in their votes and then step down and Beany said, dont put any water there

WOLLASTON PU. MASS.

only jest dry sordust. so i dident. well that night we went erly to see the fun. Gim Luverin got up and said there was one man which was the oldest voter in town and he ought to vote the first, the name of this destinkuished sitizen was John Quincy Ann Pollard. then old mister Pollard got up and put in his vote and when he stepped down his heels flew up and he went down whak on the back of his head and 2 men lifted him up and lugged him to a seat, and then Ed Derborn, him that rings the town bell, stepped up pretty lively and went flat and swore terrible, and me and Beany nearly died we laffed so. well it kept on, people dident know what made them fall,

and Gim Odlin sat write down in his new umbrella and then they sent me down stairs for a pail of wet sordust and when i was coming up i heard an auful whang, and when i got up in the hall they were lugging old mister Stickney off to die and they put water on his head and lugged him home in a hack. they say Bob Carter will lose his place. me and Beany dont know what to do. if we dont tell, Bob will lose his place and if we do we will get licked.

Mar. 12. Mister Stickney is all write today. gosh you bet me and Beany are glad.

Mar. 13, 186– brite and fair. Mr. Gravel has bought old Heads carrige shop. he is a dandy and wears shiny

riding boots and a stove pipe hat and a velvet coat and goes with Dan Ranlet and George Perkins and Johny Gibson and the other dandies. i went down today and watched Fatty Walker stripe some wheels.

Mar. 14. clowdy. Elkins and Graves had an oxion to-night. Beany got ten cents for going round town ringing a bell and hollering oxion. i went with Beany and it was lots of fun. Beany wouldent treet. he says he is saving money for something. i know what it is it is a valintine for Lizzie Tole. it was mean of Beany not to treet becaus i did as much hollering as he did.

Mar. 15. The funniest thing hapened to-day you ever saw. after brek-

fast me and father took a walk and then went and set down on the high school steps. father was telling me some of the things he and Gim Melcher used to do. father must have been a ripper when he was young. well ennyway while we was talking old Ike Shute came along through the schɔol yard. Ike wears specks and always carries a little basket on his arm. he cant see very well, and father said to me, now you jest keep still and you will see some fun and when Ike came along father changed his voice so that it sounded awfully growly and said where in the devil are you going with that basket, and Ike was scart most to deth and said only a little way down here sir and

father said, move on sir and move dam lively and i nearly died laffing to see Ike hiper. well after a while i see Ike coming back with old Swane and old Kize the policemen. i tell you i was scart but father only laffed and said you keep still and i will fix it all right. so when they came up he said to old Kize what is the trouble Filander and he said Mr. Shute here has been thretened by some drunken rascal, and father looked aufuly surprised and said that is an infernal shame, when did it happen Isak, and Ike said about fifteen minits ago and father said we have been here about as long as that and i dident see the scoundrel. how did he look Isak, and Ike said i cood-

ent see him very well George but he was a big man and he had a awful deep voice and father said did he stagger enny and Ike said i coodent see wether he did or not but i cood tell he was drunk by his voice. so old Swain and old Kize went down behind the school house and off thru the carrige shop yard to see if they cood find him, and me and father walked home with Ike to protect him and father said now Isak if ennyone insults you again jest come to me and if i can catch him i will break every bone in his body, and father and Ike shook hands and Ike shook hands with me and then we went home and father began to laff and laffed all the way home and then he

told mother and aunt Sarah and they said it was a shame to play such a trick upon him and father laffed all the more and said Ike hadent had so much exercise for a year and it wood do him good and give him something to think about. ennyway they said it was a shame to teech me such things, and father said he would rather i wood be tuf than be like Ike, and Aunt Sarah said i never wood be half as good as Ike for he never did a wrong thing in his life, and father laffed and said he dident dass to for his mother wood shet him in the closet. it was aufully funny, but i gess they was right. i shall never be half as good as Ike. i wonder if

old Swane and old Kize have caught that man yet.

Mar. 16. Pewt dreened 18 marbles and 2 chinees out of me to-day. we was playing first in a hole. school today. sailed boats in the brook in J. Albert Clark's garden and got pretty wet.

Mar. 17. Scott Briggam has got some little flying squirrels. he is going to get me one for thirty-five cents. i am going to take it out of my cornet money.

Mar. 18. Father wont let me play marbles in ernest. it aint enny fun dreening a feller and then giving them back. i bet father didnt when he was a boy.

The Real Diary

Mar. 19. Scott Briggam brought my squirrel today and i paid him 35 cents, 3 ten cents scrips and five cents. i have got it in a bird cage.

Mar. 20. my squirrel got out of the cage last nite and father found him in the water pail drownded. father got up in the night and got a dipper and drank some water out of that pail, he dident eat any brekfast because he was thinking that the squirrel might have been in the pail then. i wonder if it was. ennyway 35 cents of my cornet money has gone up.

Mar. 23. school today. went down to Pewts to draw pictures. Charlie Woodbury can draw the best, then Pewt, and then me.

Of a Real Boy

Beany dont like to draw. we was talking about what we was going to be when we grew up. Charlie Woodbury is going to be a picture painter, Pewt is going to be a lawyer, Potter Gorham and Chick Chickering are going to stuff birds for a living, Beany is going to be a hack driver, Gim Wingit is going to run a newspaper, Cawcaw Harding is going to be a piscopal minister becaus he says they only have to read their speaches out of a book, Nipper Brown is going to be a professer, Priscilla Hobbs is going to play a organ in the baptis church. Prisil can play 3 tunes now on a little organ. i am going to be a cornet player like Bruce Briggam. cornet players can go to all the dan-

ces and fairs and prosessions and are invited in and treated when people are married and they serrinade them at night, and they don't have to work either.

Mar. 25. almost as warm as summer, went to church and sunday school. Beany has got a job blowing the organ for Kate Wells. he only let the wind go out 2 times today. it was funny becaus when the organ stopped Mister Wood who was singing let out an auful hoot before he knowed what he was doing Beany will lose his job if he does it again.

Mar. 29, 186– The toads has come out. fine warm day. me and Potter Gorham have been ketching toads this afternoon. they sit in the pud-

les and peep. folks think it is frogs but most of it is toads. Potter got 23 and i got 18. tonite i put my toads in a box in the kitchen after the folks went to bed. in the night they all got out of the box and began to hop round and peep mother heard it and waked father and they lissened. when i waked up father was coming threw my room with a big cane and a little tin lamp. he had put on his britches and was in his shirt tale, and i said, what are you going to lick me for now i havent done nothing and he said, keep still there is some one down stairs and mother said dont go down George and father said, lissen i can hear him giving a whistle for his con-

fedrit, i will jump in and give him a whack on the cokonut. i had forgot all about the toads and you bet i was scart. well father he crep down easy and blowed out his lite and opened the door quick and jest lammed round with his club. then i heard him say what in hell have i stepped on, bring a lite here. then i thought of the toads and you bet i was scarter than before, mother went down with a lite and then i heard him say, i will be cussed the whole place is full of toads. then mother said did you ever, and father said he never did, and it was some more of that dam boys works and he yelled upstairs for me to come down and ketch them. so i went down and caught them and

put them out all but 2 that father had stepped on and they had to be swep up. then all the folks came down in their nitegounds and i went up stairs lively and got into bed and pulled the clothes round me tite, but it dident do enny good for father came up and licked me. he dident lick me very hard becaus i gess he was glad it wasent a berglar and if it hadent been for me it might have been berglars insted of toads.

Mar. 30. brite and fair. went out with Potter Gorham. saw some toads 2 robins and a blewbird. gosh it makes a feller feel good to see birds and toads and live things.

Mar. 31. April fool day tomorrow. i am laying for Beany. old

Francis licked 5 fellers today becaus they sung rong when we was singing speek kindly it is better far to rule by luv than feer.

April 1. auful cold and rainy. i was going to wright a love letter to Beany and sine Lizzie Toles name to it but i told father about it for fun and he said that it was fourgery and that i cood be prostecuted and sent to jale. so i dident. tonite me and Beany rung five door bells for april fool.

April 2. been trying to get rid of some warts. Pewt says if you hook a piece of pork after dark, rub it on the warts and say arum erum irum orum urum and nurum 3 times turn round twice and throw the pork thru

a window, then the warts will all be gone the next day. me and Beany is going to try it tomorrow.

April 3. brite and fair. dident get a chance to hook the pork.

April 4. The band played in the band room to-nite. it was warm enuf to have the windows open and we cood hear it. i sat out in the school yard til 10 oclock to hear it and father came out and walked me home. Beany was mad becaus i cared more for the band than for getting rid of the warts.

April 6. dident wright anything last nite, was too scart. i never was so scart in all my life before. me and Beany came awful near getting in jale. we dident know where to hook

the pork. i went to our cellar but father was down there making vinigar all the evening, then we went to Beanys cellar but Mister Watson was sitting on the cellar door. so Beany told his father that a man was looking for him to see about a horse and Mister Watson started down to the club stable. then Beany hooked the pork and rubbed it over his warts and then i rubbed it over my warts and we said arum erum irum orum urum and nurum 3 times jest as Pewt said, turned round twice and i plugged the pork right threw a gaslite jest then the gasman came along, he yelled at us and jumped out of his wagon and went for us. we ran down threw the school yard as fast as we

cood hiper. there is a hollow in the corner of the school yard by Bill Morrills back yard and there is a little hole in the bottom of the fence where the fellers crawl threw when the football goes into his garden. we skinned threw that hole jest in time. the gasman tried to crawl threw but he coodent, then he clim the high fence but while he was doing that we ran across the carrige factory yard and down by the old brewery up Bow street and home. i went to bed pretty lively and so did Beany. gosh but we was scart.

April 7. One of Beanys warts has gone.

April 8. brite and fair. my warts have not gone.

April 9. brite and fair. my warts have not gone.

April 10. Clowdy but no rane. my warts have not gone.

April 11. rany. i have got 2 more warts. i gess i hadent ought to have broke that gaslite.

April 12. i have got another.

April 13. bully day. me and Potter Gorham and Chick Chickering went out after toads today. i got 14 but i dident take them home you bet.

April 15. Brite and fair. we all went to church today to see the Lanes. they come from New York and when they go to church everybody goes to see them. there was a

boy with them named Willie. i bet i cood lick him.

April 16. Nothing particular today. dont feel very well, kind of headaky and backaky.

April 20. have been sick for 4 days. went to school monday and had to come home. when i got home i fell down on the steps and mother and aunt Sarah came out and got me in the house and put water on my head and rubbed my hands, and then the Docter came and said, well Joanna, children are a good deel of truble and then he felt of my rist and said hum, and then he looked at my tung and said hum again, and then he pride open my mouth and

looked down my throte and said hum, and then he pulled off my close and looked me over rite before mother and aunt Sarah and said well he aint spekled eny. then he said what have you given him Joanna and mother said, nothing, and the docter said, all right give him some more, and mother said i havent given him enything docter, and then he walked around the room and picked up some things and looked at them and then he gave me some of the wirst tasting stuff i ever took. then he said i gess he will be better tomorrow, and then he looked at some more things and went home. i dident sleep very well that nite but was auful hot and my head aked fearful.

mother was in my room every time i waked up, and Sarah too. next day i had the docter again he looked at some pictures and things and told mother to give me some more. i always feel better when the docter comes in. he dont scare a feller to deth.

Well the next day i felt a little better and tried to sit up and have my britches on, but i had to lay down again my head aked so, and after awhile my head felt better and as i laid there i could look out of the window and it seamed as if little chains that you could see through like glass, were floating up and down, they were about an inch long. well i wached them till i almost went to

sleep and jest as i was most asleep i heard Beany out in the street holler, say Pewt, did you know that Plupy is going to die, and Pewt said course i did, why dont you tell me some news, and Beany said i heard he swalowed a peech stone and Pewt said it was liver complaint, and then i heard some one say, you boys shet up.

Gosh you bet i was scart. i hadent thought of dying. i began to howl and holler for mother. she came running in and i told her i was going to die and i told her about breaking the gaslite and a lot of other things and she told me the docter said i was getting better and i wood sit up tomorrow. well i felt

better then and wished i hadent told mother about the gaslite becaus i knew she wood make me tell father. well mother set by my bed all the afternoon and read me some out of Billy Bolegs, jest think of her doing that, so when supper time came i et a lettle tost and had some current jelly. when father come home mother told him about the gaslite and all he said was i wood have to pay for it out of my cornet money. i thought he wood keep me in for a month. i gess mother must have talked to him.

that nite father slep on a lounge in my room. i went to sleep most as soon as he come in. after awhile i dremp i was tied on a sawlog jest go-

ing nearer and nearer to the saw and the saw was a going skratch-zoo, skratch-zoo, skratch-zoo. well i tride to pull away but i coodent move and i tride to holler and i coodent make a yip, and jest before the saw sawed into me i woke up. gosh you bet i was glad, but the funny part was that i could hear the saw going skratch-zoo, skratch-zoo, skratch-zoo, and what do you think it was. it was father snoring. gosh you ought to have heard him. well at first i laffed, but by and by i wanted to go to sleep and father snoring so loud i coodent till mother came in and told him to go to bed and she laid on the sofa all nite. the next day i set up and had my britches on

and set up to the window all day. i saw Beany and Pewt and i nocked on the window and waved my claw at them. i am going out tomorrow.

April 22. i went out today. it was real warm. i dident go to church becaus i had been sick. i let my rooster out to fite J. Albert Clark's. they were fiting good when i looked up and there was father looking over the fence. he made me stop the fite and shet my rooster up. i wonder if he wood have stoped them if i hadent been there. i got 2 eggs today, the old brama that i swaped for with Ed Tole and a bolten gray that John Adams give me.

April 23. i went to school today. i dident have to resite becaus i had

been sick. if i dont get wirse i can go to Mis Packerds concert tomorow. hope it wont rane.

April 24. brite and fair and it dident rane tonite, so i went to the concert. all the girls was flowers. Keene was a crocuss and had to come out and sing first becaus the crocuss is the first flower that comes out. she sung i am the first of all the flowers to greet the eyes of spring.

Jenny Morison was a tuch me not and set in the top of a rock and sung tuch me not, tuch me not let me alone. Nell Tole was a piny or a sunflower i have forgot whitch. Jenny Morison and Keene and Nell Tole are the best singers for their size in town. father thinks Keene can sing

the best. he feels pretty big about Keene. i told him so one day and he said he had to becaus i dident amount to enything. i think Jenny Morison can sing the best but dont tell him so for he wood give me a bat.

April 25, 186– Cant go down town for a week becaus i sassed J. Albert Clark, that is J. Albert Clark says i sassed him but i dident. Beany had been working for J. Albert raking up leaves in his garden. J. Albert was a going to give him 10 cents for it and me and Beany was a going to divide up on goozeberries and juju paist, but Beany dident dass to ask J. Albert for his pay because he had raked all the leaves under J. Alberts

front steps and he was afraid J. Albert wood find out about it and not pay him. Beany wanted me to ask him but i dident dass to because i let my rooster out to fite J. Alberts last sunday and J. Albert dont believe in fiting roosters. last night he was setting on his steps with some company and he had on his best lavender britches and his best blew coat.

So Beany said, tell you what Plupy, you set on your steps and i will set on my steps and we will holler across the street about the money that J. Albert owes me. So Beany he went across the street to his steps and he hollered over, hi there Plupy have you got any chink, and i hollered back, no Beany i havent got a

cent, and Beany he hollered i shood have 10 cents if J. Albert Clark wood pay me what he owes me, and i hollered why in time dont he pay you, and Beany hollered i gess he hasent got any chink, and i hollered he has probably spent all his chink in buying them lavender britches, and Beany he hollered, well if J. Albert Clark needs the money more than I do he can have it. well while we was hollering mister Head and the Head girls who was setting on their steps got up and went into the house laffing, and the company at J. Alberts all laffed, and J. Albert came down and beckoned to Beany and Beany he went running over to get his 10 cents and J. Albert he

said, Elbridge, that is Beanys name, Elbridge you cood have your money enny time if you had asked me for it decently, but now i shall not pay you for a week and i shall not imploy you enny more. Tell you what, Beany came over to my steps feeling pretty cheap and we was talking about it when mother called me in and sent me up stairs, and said she wood tell father as soon as he came home. So i went up stairs and looked out of the window jest in time to see Beanys father lugging Beany in by the neck. Well that nite after father got home he jawed me and said i coodent go down town for a week and made me go to J. Alberts right before the company and ask his

forgiveness, and Beany had to to. J. Albert was a pretty good fellow and said it was all right, and dident want our fathers not to let us go down town, but father said i must learn to be respectable to my elders. Gosh we dident know J. Albert was a elder. We knowed elder Stevens and elder Stewart and deacon Gooch and we always was respectable to them, and if we had knowed that J. Albert Clark was a elder we woodent have sassed him for nothing.

April 26. Yesterday and day before it was brite and fair, and yesterday was as warm as summer. today it was cold and it snowed a little. jest enuf to make the ground look as if it was covered with salt. the

birds looked all humped up. i bet the frogs hind legs is about froze. it is raining now. if i was a frog i woodent come out of the mud until summer. perhaps they cant stay under more than six months.

April 27. Warm again. 2 eggs today. i have got another hen. Willyam Perry Molton gave it to me. it is a leghorn and his other hens licked it and made its comb bludy and so he gave it to me. it was on the nest today but did not lay. i went to church. Mr. Cram preeched. he talked all about birds and flowers and i liked it.

April 28. brite and fair. all 3 hens were on the nest but dident lay.

April 29. no eggs today. mother

said the hens cackled all the morning. brite and fair.

April 30. i dont see what the mater is with my hens. i havent got 1 egg this week. father said there was a rat in the koop. i got a steel trap of Sam Diar and tonite i set it in the koop. i put a peace of cheeze on it. tomorrow morning i ges mister rat wont steal any more eggs.

May 1. what do you think. this morning i got up to get my rat and i found that my best hen, the bolton gray that John Adams gave me had tried to pick the cheeze out of the trap and the trap had caught her by the neck and killed her. i felt most bad enuf to cry. i thought i cood get up before the hen did. i went to

the may brekfast today. it was mayfair day and they had a brekfast. me and Pewt, Beany, Whacker and Pozzy Chadwick, Micky Gould, Pop Clark, Prisilla Hobbs, Chick Chickering, Potter Gorham, Pile Wood, Curly Conner and all the fellers were there. we had a good time and et till just before school time and we had to hiper so as not to be late.

May 2. no eggs today. both hens went on the nest. i am going to lay for that rat with my bowgun.

May 3. what do you think. this noon i set in the hen koop 1 hour. the brama went on the nest and set a while and came off and cakled, then i looked and she had lade an egg. i left the egg there and hid be-

hind a barrel and got my bowgun ready for the rat. well the leghorn hen went on the nest and i suposed she was a going to lay, but she broke rite into that egg and began to gobble it up. i was so mad that i let ding at her with the bowgun and just then she stuck up her head and the arrow took her rite in the back of the head. well i wish you cood have seen her. she hollered one little pip and then went rite out of the nest backwards and flapped round awful. i picked her up and she was dead. i dident mean to kill her, i only wanted to make her jump and learn her not to eat eggs. O dear, i dont know what father will say when he finds it out.

The Real Diary

May 5, 186– Saw a bully fite today. Cris Staples and Charlie Clark. Charlie is visiting his uncle J. Albert Clark, the feller that we sassed. that is he said we did but we dident. Charlie is a city feller, he lives in Chelsy and think he knows a pile about things and gets mad if we call him names. now every feller who amounts to anything has a nickname, and some of them have 2 or 3. my nicknames are Plupy and Skinny and Polelegs, and Beany is called Bullethead and sometimes Fatty. i told Charlie that if i called him Charlie the fellers would call him sissy or Mary and he better agree to let me call him bulldog or tomcat or diddly or gobbler or some

nickname whitch wood mean something. but he said he would lam the head off of enny feller which called him names.

well you jest see what trouble he got into for not having a nickname. he would have knowed better than that if he hadent lived in Chelsy.

Well today me and Charlie was setting on his steps. Beany was mad because i was going with Charlie and he had gone riding with his father and he felt pretty big because his father let him drive. well while we were setting there along came Cris Staples who carries papers for Lane and Rollins store, and Cris hollered over, hullo Polelegs. Charlie hadent heard enyone call me Polelegs. and

i said, i woodent stand that if i was you Charlie, now less see you lam the head off of him, and Charlie he started across the road and walked up to Cris and said who in time are you calling Polelegs and Cris wasent going to back down and said, you, and Charlie said jest drop them papers and i will nock your face rite off, and Cris dropped his papers and they went at it. it was the best fite i have seen this year. they fit from Mr. Head's down to Gim Ellisons corner, and Cris licked time out of Charlie, and Charlie began to yell and give up and then Cris let go of his hair and told him he was to smart, and that it was me he was calling Polelegs and not him, and he

better not be so smart another time, and Cris he picked up his papers and went off with a great slit in his jacket and his necktie way round on one side, and Charlie came home howling and Aunt Clark, Charlie's grandmother came out and said, that is what you get Charlie for quareling. see how much better Harry feels, and i said, yes mam. Charlie is never going to speak to me again.

May 7. Beany was pretty mad when I told him about the fite because he dident see it. i gess he will find it don't pay to get mad with me. i saw Charlie today but he dident speak. he has got a black eye. Cris has got a funny looking nose on one side.

May 8. Chitter Robinson went in swiming today. i bet it was cold.

May 9. Went down to the high school yard tonite to hear the band play. they have got a new leader a Mister Ashman of Boston. he can play the cornet with 1 hand. i went down today to pay the gasman for the gaslite i broke. it cost 1 dollar and i have only got 87 cents for my cornet. sometimes i dont believe i shall ever get that cornet. Scott Brigam can blow a bugle. a bugle is like a cornet only a cornet has 3 keys and a bugle is all covered with flappers and curly things where you put your fingers. Rashe Belnap can play a cornet splendid but he dont play very often. Frank Hirvey plays

one that goes over his shoulder way behind his back. gosh i wish i cood get a cornet.

May 10. father has found out about my killing that hen. he dident get mad but said i ought to have cut her head off and she wood be good to eat, but i supose it is to late now for it is almost a week ago and i burried her the next day.

May 11. me and Potter Gorham went mayflowering today. i got a bunch and sold them to a student named Chizzum for 35 cents. i put it with my cornet money. i have now got $1.22. i can get a cornet for 25 dollars a second hand one. i am afraid i shall never get that cornet.

The Real Diary

May 12. Rany last nite and this morning. in the afternoon it cleared up. gosh i wish you cood see the licking Beany got tonite. me and Beany went out to go up to see Pewt and make some sweet fern sigars. Beany came over for me and went up to Pewts. on the way Beany went up an rung his doorbell and we hid behind the fence and Mister Watson, Beany's father, came out holding a light and shading it with his hand. the wind blew the lite out and in going in again he hit his head an awful bump against the door. me and Beany nearly died laffing only we tride not to laff too loud. well we went up to Pewts and Pewt had been sent to bed for something and

so we started back and met a man who said is this you Elbridge, it was pretty dark and Beany said yes and Mister Watson grabbed us both by the collar and said, so you are the boys who rung my doorbell and then he give Beany a rap on the side of the head and began to shake him round lively and while he was shaking Beany up i put for home. i hid behind the fence and i cood hear him say i will learn you to asosiate with that misable Shute boy and wast your time ringing doorbells, and Beany was saying, o father i will never do it again. i nearly died laffing to hear Beany a rattling round on the sidewalk. i hope Mister Watson wont tell father. i gess he wont for

he gets over his mad pretty quick. every time i think of Beanys legs flying round in the air i giggle rite out and when i think of Mister Watson bumping his head i nearly die. sometimes i think it pays to be tuff.

May 13, 186– Keene and Cele have got some new crokay slippers. you bet they feel pretty big about it.

May 14. nothing particular today.

May 15. Went in swimming today. the water was pretty cold but i swum acros the river twise.

May 16. the suckers have come. Potter Gorham caught three yesterday. me and Potter was going yesterday after school but father wood-

ent let me becaus i dident split my kindlings.

May 17. the band played tonight. father made me go to bed at nine but i cood hear it becaus my window is jest acros the road. they are playing a new peace. it is the woodup quickstep, they say Ned Kendall cood play it on a bugle better than ennybody. old Robinson cood and Mister Ashman can play it splendid. it goes

ta-ta tata, ta-ta tata, ta-ta tata
tatatatatatata.
ta-te-ta-te-tiddle iddle-a
ta-te-ta-te-tiddle iddle-a
ta-te-ta-te-tiddle-iddle-a
tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-ata

it is the best peace they play except departed days. that always makes me feel like crying it is kinder sad like. i hope i can get my cornet some day.

May 19. had a auful toothake today and had to go down to docter Pitman and he pulled it out. i tell you it hurt. Docter Pitman said the roots must have reached way to the back of my neck. Beany went with me and then told all round that i hollered. you jest wait Beany.

May 21. erly this afternoon me and Fatty Melcher got some real segars at Henry Simsons store and went down behind old man Churchills store and smoked them. we were both auful sick and laid there

all the afternoon. when i went home i walked wobbly and mother asked me if i was sick and she put me to bed and was going to send for the docter, but father came in and when he found out what aled me he laffed and said it served me rite. then after supper he set out on the steps rite under my window and smoked a old pipe and i cood smell it and i thought i shood die. then mother asked him to go away and he laffed and said all rite, but he gessed i had enuf for one day and she said she gessed so and i gess so too. he said if it hadent made me sick he wood have licked me.

i dont see why it is so, father swears sometimes when he hits his thum with a hammer and once when

he was in the dark he was walking towards the door with his arms out to feel for the door, one arm went on one side of the door and the other arm on the other side and he hit his nose a fearful bump rite on the ege of the door, and i wish you cood have heard him swear, well if i swear he licks me, and he smokes and if i do he says he will lick me and he dont go to church and if i dont go he says he will lick me. O dear i gess i wont smoke enny more.

May 22. Went in swimming today twise, once down to the raceway and once up to the gravel.

May 23. Went butterflying with Chick Chickering today, it is a little early for them, but we got two blew

and black ones and three little red ones. Me and Chick are making aquariams. Chick has got a splendid glass one. i made mine out of a butter firkin. i sawed it off half way and then washed it out with soft soap and rensed it 2 or 3 times and then i put in some white sand and stones and i have got some little minnies and kivies and a little pickerel. it looks splendid and i change the water every 3 days.

May 24. Nothing particular today.

May 25. i can swim under water from the big tree on Moulton's side of the river at the gravel to the tree on the bank on Gilman's side. i went in 3 times today.

May 26. My rooster is sick. i gess he has et something. he sits all humped up. i went in swimming 2 times today.

May 27. My rooster is pretty sick. i tride to give him some kiann pepper tonite. father said kiann pepper was good for sick hens, so i held his mouth open and give him a spoonful. when i let him go he kept his mouth open and sorter sneezed pip-craw pip-craw pip-craw, and then he went to the water dish and began to drink. i think he is better because he hadent drank any water for 2 days before. he was still drinking when i went away. i gess he will be a lot better tomorrow.

May 28. What do you think, this

morning when i went out to feed my hens i found my rooster dead. he had drank up all the water and he was all puffed up. i felt pretty bad. father says i gave him enuf kiann pepper for a horse. he aught to have told me. he was a pretty good rooster too. i am having pretty tuff luck.

May 29. i read over my diary today. i have forgot to tell whether it was brite and fair or rany, i cant say now.

May 30, 186– Nothing particular today. brite and fair.

May 31. brite and fair. went up to Whacker Chadwicks today after school to help him plant his garden. we had about a bushel of potatoes to

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plant and it was fun to sit round a basket and cut up the potatoes. after a while Gim Erly and Luke Mannux cume along and we began to plug potatoes at them, they plugged them back and we had a splendid fite, me and Whack and Pozzy and Boog Chadwick on one side and Gim Erly and Luke Mannux and Bob Ridly on the other. Luke Mannux hit me twice rite in the back of the head. i am going up tomorrow to help them some more. went in swimming once to-day.

May 32 no i mean June 1. i went up to Chadwicks after school. Captin Chadwick was there and they wasent enny pluggin potatoes. went in swimming.

June 2. Rany. Beany is mad with me. i dont care.

June 3. went to church today.

June 4. clowdy but no rane. went up to Chadwicks today and sawed wood. Boog and Pozzy fit while me and Whack sawed wood then we went in swiming down to Sandy Bottom. some body tide some hard gnots in my shirt. i forgot to split my kindlings tonite.

June 5. brite and fair. Beany is still mad.

June 6. brite and fair. i know what Beany is mad about. he thinks i told about his getting a licking. i dident tell. he can stay mad if he wants to.

June 7. father has bought a horse

of Dan Randlet. i rode up to Brentwood with Sam Diar to get it. it is the prettiest horse i ever saw. i rode it down from Brentwood and it goes jest as easy as sitting on a spring board. when i got home Beany got over his mad and came over and i gave him a ride. me and Beany never were mad so long before.

June 9. Rany. this afternoon me and Beany and father went to ride with the new horse. her name is Nellie.

June 10. brite and fair. we keep Nellie down to Jo Hanes stable. Frank Hanes is learning me how to clean her off. she nipped my arm today and made a black and blew spot. went in swimming today.

i have to get up every morning and harnes Nelly and drive father to the depot. i like it because i always race with the men coming down front street. there is George Dergin and Fred Sellivan and Gim Wingit and i can beat them all. i dont tell father that i race. i rode Nellie this afternoon with Frank Hanes and Ed Tole. i dident go in swimming today.

June 11. brite and fair. Nellie kicked me today. i gess i scrached her today to hard with the curycomb. it dident hurt me much. i went in swimming twise.

June 12. brite and fair. Me and Chick Chickering went bullfroging today, we got 3 dozen hind legs and

sold them to Mr. Hirvey for 30 cents and took our pay in icecream.

June 13. Rode Nellie this noon. i have to go to the half past five train every nite for father. i like to drive but i dont like to go every nite.

June 14. Rashe Belnap and Horris Cobbs go in swimming every morning at six o'clock. i got a licking today that beat the one Beany got. last summer me and Tomtit Tomson and Cawcaw Harding and Whack and Poz and Boog Chadwick went in swimming in May and all thru the summer until October. one day i went in 10 times. well i dident say anything about it to father so as not to scare him. well today he dident go to Boston and he said i am

going to teech you to swim. when i was as old as you i cood swim said he, and you must lern, i said i have been wanting to lern to swim, for all the other boys can swim. so we went down to the gravil and i peeled off my close and got ready, now said he, you jest wade in up to your waste and squat down and duck your head under. i said the water will get in my nose. he said no it wont jest squat rite down. i cood see him laffin when he thought i wood snort and sputter.

so i waded out a little ways and then div in and swam under water most across, and when i came up i looked to see if father was supprised. gosh you aught to have seen him. he had pulled off his coat and vest

and there he stood up to his waste in the water with his eyes jest bugging rite out as big as hens eggs, and he was jest a going to dive for my dead body. then i turned over on my back and waved my hand at him. he dident say anything for a minute, only he drawed in a long breth. then he began to look foolish, and then mad, and then he turned and started to slosh back to the bank where he slipped and went in all over. When he got to the bank he was pretty mad and yelled for me to come out. when i came out he cut a stick and whaled me, and as soon as i got home he sent me to bed for lying, but i gess he was mad becaus i about scart the life out of him. but that nite i

heard him telling mother about it and he said that he div 3 times for me in about thirty feet of water. but he braged about my swiming and said i cood swim like a striped frog. i shall never forget how his boots went kerslosh kerslosh kerslosh when we were skinning home thru croslots. i shall never forget how that old stick hurt either. ennyhow he dident say ennything about not going in again, so i gess i am all rite.

June 15, 186– Johnny Heeld, a student, came to me and wanted me to carry some tickets to a dance round to the girls in the town. there was about 1 hundred of them. he read the names over to me and i said i knew them all. so after school me

and Beany started out and walked all over town and give out the tickets. i had a long string of names and every time i wood leave one i wood mark out the name. i dident give the Head girls any because they told father about some things that me and Beany and Pewt did and the Parmer girls and the Cilley girls lived way up on the plains and i dident want to walk up there, so when i went over to Hemlock side to give one, i went over to the factory boarding house and give some to them. they was auful glad to get them too and said they would go to the dance. some people was not at home and so i gave their tickets to the next house. it took me till 8 o'clock and i got 1

dollar for it. i dont beleive those girls that dident get their tickets will care much about going ennyway. i gess the Head girls wont want to tell on me another time.

June 16. Dennis Cokely and Tomtit Tomson had a fite behind Hirvey's resterent today. Hirvey stopped them jest as they were having a good one. Thats jest the way. i dont see why they always want to stop a fite. All fellers fite for is to see which can lick, and how can they tell unless they fite it out.

June 17. Brite and fair. They is going to be a big cattle show here this fall. They are going to have it in a field up by the depot. They are going to have horse trots and shows

and everything. We are going to have no school. it dont come for an auful while yet. Charles Taylor is going to have Nelly to ride.

June 18. Me and Mickey Gould had a race horseback. he had one of Ben Merril's little black horses, we raced way round Kensington ring. i cood beat trotting and he cood beat running. when i got home Nelly was so swetty that father told me not to ride her for a week.

June 19. Went up to Chadwicks after school. Boog and Whack got Willie fiting with Johnny Rogers. Willie licked him. Willie is Whack's little brother. he is a auful cunning little feller. he can fite too. all the Chadwick's can fite.

June 20. Brite and fair. i am going fishing tonite with Potter Gorham.

June 21. brite and fair. went fishing today with Potter Gorham. i cought 5 pirch and 4 pickeril. i cleaned them and we had them for supper. father said they was the best fish he ever et. i also cought the biggest roach i ever saw, almost as big as a sucker, and i cant tell what i did with him. i thought Potter had hooked him for fun, but he said he dident, and we hunted everywhere for him. i dont know where i put that roach.

June 22. the students had their dance last nite. they had a auful time. some of the girls which dident

get no tickets was mad, and the students which wanted them to go was mad and they went to Johnny Heeld and give him time. then he went round and told them how it was and give them tickets. well the nite of the dance everything was all rite until lots of people came which hadent been on the list, but which we had given tickets. well the students dident want to let them in and they were mad, and Chick Randal hit a student named Pendry rite in the nose and nocked his glasses off and Nichols nocked Johnny Lord way acros the entry and they was going to have a big fite when Bob Carter and 2 or 3 men stoped it. today Johnny Heeld came down to

the house and said i had got things all mixed up and father made me give back the dollar. but he told Johnny Heeld he hadent ought to have let me try such a hard job. Gosh, i am glad father thinks it was a mistake, and dont know that i did it on purpose.

June 23. there is a dead rat in the wall in my room. it smells auful.

June 24. Rany. most time for vacation. the smell in my room is fearful.

June 25. more trouble today. it seems as if there wasent any use in living. nothing but trouble all the time. mother said i coodent sleep in that room until the rat was taken out. well father he came into my

room and sniffed once and said, whew, what a almity smell. then he held his nose and went out and came back with mister Staples the father of the feller that called me Polelegs. well he came in and put his nose up to the wall and sniffed round until he came to where my old close hung. then he said, thunder George, this is the place, rite behind this jacket, it is the wirst smell i ever smelt. then he threw my close in a corner and took out his tools and began to dig a hole in the wall, while father and mother and aunt Sarah stood looking at him and holding their nose. after he dug the hole he reached in but dident find ennything, then he stuck in his nose and

said, it dont smell enny in there. then they all let go of their nose and took a sniff and said murder it is wirse than ever it must be rite in the room somewhere. then father said to me, look in those close and see if there is ennything there. so i looked and found in the poket of my old jaket that big roach that i lost, when i went fishing with Potter Gorham. it was all squashy and smelt auful. father was mad and made me throw the jaket out of the window and wont let me go fishing for a week. ennyway i know now what became of my roach.

June 26. Keene and Cele are going to sing in the Unitarial quire. father says he will give them some

bronze boots. mother got them some new nets for their hair today. girls has lots more done for them than fellers.

June 27, 186– Brite and fair. school closed today. we dont have enny more school til September. snapcrackers have come. 8 cents a bunch at old Langlys store. Lane and Rollins sell them for 10 cents. torpedos 8 cents a bunch. pin wheels 1 cent each. Pewt is going to have a cannon. father wont let me have a cannon. he says i dont know enny more than to look into it and blow my head off.

June 28. clowdy but no rane. 4th of July pretty soon. father says when he was a boy all they had for

fireworks was balls of wool soaked in tirpentine whitch they lit and fired round. i am glad i did not live then.

June 30. clowdy but no rane. went in swimming 3 times today. i am going bullfroging monday.

June 31. no July 1. Went to church today.

July 2. i went bullfroging today. thunder storm today.

i have got 10 bunches of snapcrackers and some slowmatch. i spent a dolar of my cornet money. i gess i shall never get that cornet. i hope it wont rane the 4th.

July 3. Nite before 4th. Pewt and Beany can stay out all nite. father took my snapcrackers into his room

and said if i get up before 5 i cant have enny.

July 4. i am to tired to wright ennything. i never had so much fun in my life. i only got burned 5 times. 1 snapcracker went off rite in my face and i coodent see ennything til mother washed my eyes out. Zee Smith fired a torpedo and a peace of it flew rite in the corner of my eye and made a blew spot there. i fired every one of my snapcrackers. it took me all day.

July 5. brite and fair. i dident wake up today til 10 o'clock. i was pretty sore and my eyes felt as if they was sawdust in them.

July 6. brite and fair. father staid

home today. i wanted him to go fishing but he woodent.

July 7. father told me i cood go fishing and stay all day. i dont know what had come over him becaus most always he raises time when i go fishing and dont come home erly. so i went and cought 3 pickerels and 4 pirch and 2 hogbacks and went in swiming 2 times. well as i was a coming home 2 or 3 people met me and said they was company at my house, so when i got home i skined in the back way so as not to see the company til i got on my best britches, but i met father in the door and he told me to go rite up to mothers room and see the company. so i skined up to her room holding my

hand behind me becaus i had tore my britches auful getting over a fence and i dident want the company to see. well what do you think the company was. it was the homliest baby you ever see, it looked jest like a munky and made feerful faces and kinder squeaked like. Mother was sick and they was a old fat woman who told me to go out, but mother said she wanted to see me and she kissed me and asked me to kiss the baby. i dident want to but i did it becaus mother was sick. mother asked me how many fish i caught and what kind and i told her and said she shood have some for her supper, but she said she gessed she woodent have enny jest then.

then i went down stairs and father said did i like the baby and i said it was homly, and he said it was 10 times as good looking as i was and he said he was glad that when the baby grode up it woodent have Beany and Pewt to play with and woodent be tuff like me, and then Aunt Sarah said she gessed me and Beany and Pewt wasent enny tuffer than father and Gim Melcher were when they was boys, and then father laffed and told me to go to bed and i went. that was a auful homly baby ennyway.

July 8. nothing particular today. you bet that baby can howl. went to church.

July 9. brite and fair. most every

morning we go up in mothers room to see the old fat woman wash the baby and hear it howl. it turns black in the face. i bet it will be a fiter.

July 10. i have got a new nickname. it is yallerlegs. that is becaus father bought me a pair of kinder yellow britches, and made me wear them. i bet he woodent like to be called yallerlegs.

July 11. brite and fair. went in swiming today to a new place. we call it the stump. it is up by the eddy.

July 12. a thunder storm. in the afternoon went fishing but dident get a bite. Pewts father says fish wont bite after a thunder storm.

July 13. a auful hot day. tonite

i went up to the depot to see Majer Blake and Charles Tole fite over passengers to the beach.

July 14. i am going to the beach to stop with Beany in his fathers tent. it is called hotel de pig.

July 15. i gess i will go tomorrow.

July 16. me and Beany went to the beach and stopped all day and all nite. we had a bully time.

July 17. another hot day. went in swiming 4 times. my back is all burned.

July 18. me and Beany got in the newsleter today. the paper said the siamese twins was at the beach stoping at Watsons tent. Pewt was mad becaus we got in the paper and he

dident and told all round that it didnt mean me and Beany but Rashe Belnap and Horris Cobbs.

July 19. Hot as time. nothing particular today.

July 20. Hot as time. nothing particular today.

July 21. Auful hot. big thunder shower and litening struck a tree in front of Perry Moltons house.

July 22. Went to church. Beany let the wind out of the organ and it squeaked and made everybody laff. Keene and Cele sing in the quire. father feels pretty big about it.

July 23. i got stung by hornets today. i went in swiming at the eddy and when i was drying my close i set rite down on a stump where

there was a nest of yellow bellied hornets. they all lit on me and i thought i was afire for a minit. i ran and div rite off the bank and swam way out under water. when i came up they were buzing round jest where i went down. when i came out the fellers put mud on my bites and after a while they stoped hurting. i tell you the fellers jest died laffing to see me run and holler.

July 24. Brite and fair. i was all sweled up with hornet bites but they dident hurt enny, i looked jest like Beany when he had the mumps. everyone laffed at me.

July 25. i got a fishhook in my leg today. me and Fatty Melcher was a fishing when we got our lines

tangled. i hollered first cut, but i dident have enny nife and Fatty woodent let me have his nife. So we got jerking our lines kinder mad like and all of a suddin the hook got into my leg. gosh you bet it hurt. me and Fatty got the hook out but it bled some. the worst of it was there was a wirm on the hook and when we got the hook out they wasent enny wirm there. Fatty says people sometimes dies from having wirms in them. i bet this one has crawled way in. it may grow inside of me. something is always hapening to me. when i got home i went down to docter Derborns store and bought some wirm medicine and swalowed

sum. it was auful bitter. it cost 20 cents out of my cornet money.

July 26. brite and fair. i was all rite today except my leg was stiff. mother asked what made me lame and she put on a peace of pork. i told her about the wirm and she said the pork wood draw him out if he was there but she gessed he dident go in. when i told her about the wirm medecine she jest set down and laffed. so i gess i needent wory about having wirms. i went down to doctor Derborns and tride to get him to take the medicine back but he said he woodent. i think he is pretty mean not to.

July 27. i coodent go in swiming

today on account of my leg. all the fellers went in and i had to set on the bank and see them.

July 28. Coodent go in swiming today either. my leg is nearly well. mother took off the pork today. it was all white where the pork was. i can go in swiming Monday. i went down to the library tonite. it is the first time i have been down since Joe Parsons chased me out. i gess he has forgotten it. i got out Bush Boys to read. it is a splendid book about shooting lions and zebras and gerafs and everything.

July 29. i tried to have father let me stay away from church today because my leg was sore but he said all rite you can stay, but i gess that leg

will be too sore to let you go in swiming this week. so i went to church and dident limp enny. this afternoon i set under the apple tree and read Bush Boys. father and mother went to ride with Nellie. it is the first time mother has been out. Aunt Sarah took care of the baby. they gess they will name it Edward Ashman Shute. i gess it is named Ashman after the leader of the band. i am going to tell him tomorrow and see if he wont sell me a cornet on trust. brite and fair.

July 30. Brite and fair. i told father i was going down to see Mr. Ashman, and he said if you ever do i will lick you. the babys name is Edward Ashton Shute and not Ash-

man. i woodent name him for enny cornet player. it is pretty tuff luck. if i cood have got that cornet i woodent have minded a licking. went in swiming today.

July 31. Franky had the croop last nite. i waked up and heard him cough auful funny and kinder as if his throte was tite. i called mother and she came in and hollered for Aunt Sarah and father and they rushed round lively and gave him egg and sugar and put hot cloths on his throte til he howled and after he cood howl he was all well. Aunt Sarah took him in with her the rest of the nite. father said i was a brick to wake up and call them. i dont know

when he has called me a brick before. went in swiming 3 times to-day.

Aug. 1. brite and fair. Annie tumbled down the front steps from the top to the bottom. she howled and mother thought she was about killed but she was so fat that she dident hurt her.

Aug. 2. father came home early to-day and took mother and Aunt Sarah and Keene & Georgie to ride. Me and Cele staid to look after the house. Cele went up stairs to look after the baby and when she was gone i got Annie and Franky fiting. it was the funniest fite i ever saw. they jest pushed each other round and tried to claw each other. while

they was fiting Cele came down stairs and pulled them apart and boxed their ears and made them go in different rooms. She jawed me and said she wood tell father. when father came home she told on me and father sent me to bed at six o'clock. You jest wait Cele and you will find out.

Aug. 3, 186– brite and fair. the fellers played a pretty mean trick on me tonite. they played it on Nibby Hartwel last nite. Nibby is visiting his aunt and comes from the city and is pretty green like most folks from the city. you see if i hadent got sent to bed becaus Cele told on me i wood have been there and seen them play it on Nibby. well last nite all the

fellers was out. Whack and Boog and Pozzy and Pewt and Beany and Nipper and Cawcaw and Pile and Chick and Micky and Pricilla and Fatty. Nibby he was there too. they wanted to play lead the old blind horse to water and i was to be the blind horse. they said they had some fun playing it the nite before, that was when they played it on Nibby but i dident know that. Well you blindfole a feller and give him a rope and a swich and the other fellers get on the other end of the rope and the feller nearest you has a bell and rings it and you pull and if you can pull him up to you, you can paist time out of him with your swich, only if you pull off your blindfole

all the fellers can paist time out of you. Well they blindfoled me and hollered ready and i began to yank and pull and the feller rung his bell and he came pretty hard at first but i kept yanking and bimeby he come so quick that i nearly fell over back wards and i felt him and grabed him and began to paist time out of him when he grabed away my swich and began to paist me, and that wasent fair and i pulled off my blindfole and who do you suppose it was, well it was Wiliam Perry Molton and he was mad. they had tied me to his door bell and i had yanked out almost ten feet of wire. when i saw who it was gosh i began to holler and he stoped licking me. i gess he never

licked anyone before because he dident know jest how to lay it on. well when he found out how it was he let me go but he said he shood have to do something about the boys distirbing him so. it was a pretty mean trick to play on a feller. we are going to try and play it on Pop Clark tomorrow nite.

Aug. 4. brite and fair. me and Hiram Mingo had a race today to see whitch cood swim the furtherest under water. i beat him easy. he can lick me but i can beat him swiming.

Aug. 5. Nothing particular today. only church.

Aug. 6. the baby was sick today. had the doctor.

Aug. 7. the baby was sicker. i dident go in swiming.

Aug. 8. the baby is better today. i went in swiming 5 times.

Aug. 9. Raned all day. The baby is all rite. i went bullfroging with Chick Chickering.

Aug. 10. Nellie is sick. Joe Hanes cut a hole in her and put in a onion and some braded hair and then father took her out to pastur. i cant ride her for a month.

Aug. 11. brite and fair. mister Watson, Beanys father got throwed off of his horse today and renched his rist. the horse coodent have throwed him but the gert broke. Mister Watson can ride splendid.

Aug. 12. brite and fair. No more church this month. bully.

Aug. 13. brite and fair. i went down to Ed Toles and me and Ed rode on the hack with Joe Parmer.

Aug. 14. Ed Tole and Frank Hanes are mad. Frank hollered over to Ed, Ed Tole fell in a hole and coodent get out to save his sole, and Ed hollered back Frank Hanes aint got no branes. and then they was mad.

Aug. 15. Wiliam Perry Molton has got some ripe apples in his back yard. me and Pewt helped him ketch some hens today and he said we cood have some apples if they was any on the ground. they was only 2 wirmy

ones but before we left 5 or 6 fell off i gess it was becaus Pewt pushed me agenst the tree. they was pretty good apples too.

Aug. 16. Rany. i went fishing with Potter Gorham. caught 3 roach and 5 hornpowt. we et them for supper. father said i can clean fish most as well as he can. he says he will come home some day erly and go a fishing.

Aug. 17. John Gardner has hung up a Grant and Colfax flag. they will be some fun this fall.

Aug. 18. brite and fair. Today i went fishing with Fatty Melcher. we caught some ells and some hornpowt. ells and hornpowt can live a

long time out of water and so when i got home i put 5 that were alive in the rane water barril.

Aug. 19. brite and fair. it is fun to sit round all day sunday and not have to go to church.

Aug. 20. brite and fair. i had to spend the whole morning in going to the river for water for washing. it was wash day and when mother went to the rane water barril there was 5 dead hornpowt floting on the top. she made me tip the barrel over and get water from the river. they was some fun for Beany helped me and he stood in the hand cart and filled the tubs and all of a sudden i let go and the old cart flew up and

Beany and the tub and the pail and everything went rite in. Beany isent going to speak to me ever again.

Aug. 21, 186– Gosh, we are having fun now. what do you think. they is going to be a big mass meeting this fall. Ben Butler and Jake Ely and lots of old pelters are going to be here, and they is going to be 4 or 5 bands and lots of fun well before that comes they is going to be lots of political meetings and the first one is to be next week, and father is going to make a speach. Gim Luverin and Bil Morrill and General Marsten and Tom Levitt, and he is a ripper to holler. and they want father to make a speach. father says he must work for the party and per-

haps he can get his salery rased. so he has been a riting every nite and mumbling it over to hisself and last nite he said he had got it. tonite he is a going to speak it to us.

Aug. 22. last nite father studed his speach over and let us stay up to hear it. he stood up and looked auful stirn and put one hand in the buzum of his shert. i coodent help laffin, but he told me to shet up or i cood go to bed and so i shet up. i tell you it was fine. It begun Mister Moddirator had i suposed, or for 1 moment dremp that i a humble offis holder under this glorious government, wood have been called upon to speak, i shood have remained at home with my wife and my children.

i said, if you dont want to make a speach why dont you stay at home that nite, and he said 1 more word from you sir and you go to bed. so i dident yip again.

then he went on like this, were it not that a crool axident in my erly youth, in my far away boyhood days prevented me from voluntearing and desecrating my life to my countrys welfare, in the strugle jest ended i wood have poared out evry drop of my blud to have maintaned her owner and the owner of her flag. mother began to laff and said George how can you tell such feerful stories, you know you were scart most to deth becaus you was afraid you wood be drafted.

father said they was a lot of old fellows traveling round the country and talking that way who coodent have been drug into the war with a ox chane. then he stood on the other leg a while and said, it is peculiarly aproprate that Exeter, the berth place of Lewis Cas, the educater of Webster, the home of Amos Tuck, of General Marston shood be foremost in the party strife, and as for me i wirk only for my partys good, my countrys good, without feer or hope of reward. they was a lot more to it, and some of it you cood hear about a mile he hollered so.

Aug. 23. We are all going the nite of the rally. mother says she wont go for she wood be ashamed to hear

father tell such dredful stories. Aunt Sarah dont want to go because she is afraid father will brake down. but she has got to go with me and Keene and Cele and Georgie.

Aug. 24. father practised his speach tonite and we all hollered and claped at the fine parts. he has got a new pair of boots. they hurt like time and he only wears them nites when he is practising his speach.

Aug. 25. father licked me tonite becaus i spoke some of his speach to Beany. he was auful mad and said i was the bigest fool he ever see. the fellers have got up a Grant Club. Pricilla cant belong becaus he is a demicrat.

Aug. 26. father called me and Be-

any out behind the barn tonite and gave us 10 cents apeace if we woodent say enything about his speach. after supper father practised again but he dident holler so loud becaus he was afraid some body wood hear him and mother dident want him to wake up the baby, and it was sunday too.

Aug. 27. it has been brite and fair all the week and hot as time. i have to go to the river for soft water because it hasent raned eny since i had to tip over the rane water barril. i have got a little tirtle as big as a cent. father went down to General Marstons office tonite to arrange about the rally. he came home and practised about an hour. i gess he

wood have practised all nite if the baby hadent waked up an hollered.

Aug. 28. we are all getting ready for the rally. Keene and Cele and Georgie have got some new plad dresses. father has got a pair of gray britches and a black coat. mother said the rally was a good thing becaus it was the first time she had seen father dressed up since he was married.

Aug. 29. they was a big thunder shower last nite. we all got up in the nite and went into mothers room. mother sat on the fether bed and all them that was scart cood set there. i wasent scart. father said it wood be jest the cussid luck to have it rane the nite of the rally.

Aug. 30. we had the last practise tonite, father put on his best close and new boots and the girls had on their plad dresses and i had on a new paper coller. we all set down and father came in and stood up. i tell you he looked fine. well he begun, mister modderater had i suposed or for 1 moment dremp, and then he forgot the rest. i tell you he was mad. i wanted to laff but dident dass to. well after a while he remembered and went through it all rite, and then he went over it 2 times more. gosh what if he shood forget it tomorrow nite. he is going to wright some of it on his cufs and he practised tonite making jestures so as to bring his cufs up so that he cood read it.

The Real Diary

Aug. 31. the rally is tonite. father woke us all up last nite hollering in his sleep. he dremp about the speach. this morning he went to Boston without eating his brekfast. i gess he is begining to be scart. i am a going to make his boots shine today. gosh what if he shood brake down. i gess i am getting a little scart too. brite and fair.

Sept. 1. Last nite father came home and the first thing he did was to send me down to miss Pratts for his shert. it was all pollished and shone like glass. then he asked if i had blacked his boots and then he et supper. he dident eat much though. he said Mr. Tuck came down from Boston with him. Mr. Tuck was a

going to make a speach first and then he was going to introduce Gim Loverin as chairman and then Gim Loverin was a going to call on father. father said he bet 5 dollars he wood call him Gim instead of mister modderater. father was pretty cross at supper. i gess he was getting scart. the baby began to cry and father asked mother why she dident choak the squawling brat and mother sorter laffed and put the baby into fathers lap and said i gess you had better choak him. father laffed and began to toss the baby up and down. he likes the baby and while he was playing with it he was all rite. but after supper he was cross and said he hed a auful headake. then he went prac-

tising his speach again so as not to call the modderater Gim. well we got ready and went down erly to get some good seats so as to hear father and see him come in with them that was to set on the platform. we wanted to go down with father but he said he coodent bother with us. but before we went he came down stairs with his new close on and he looked fine but his face looked auful white. he said he had a headake but as soon as he got started to speak it wood all go off. so we went down. Cele had her hair curled and Keene had a new red silk ribbon on her hair becaus her hair wont curl and Aunt Sarah had on a new dolman with beeds on it and some long coral ear-

rings and they all looked fine. Aunt Sarah took Georgie by the hand becaus she was the littlest and me and Keene and Cele followed on.

When we got there the band was playing in front of the town hall and aunt Sarah said i cood stay out and hear it and then said i cood sit with Gim Wingit and Willy Swet if i wood behave. i said i wood and we lissened and after the band went in we went too. most all the seats were taken and we got some bully seats way up in front. i looked for father but coodent see him becaus the speakers hadent come in. well jest as soon as we got in the policeman was up in front and he said they has been to much whisling and stamping

and the next one that whisles or stamps will get put out. well they was old Swane and Brown and Kize and Dirgin and every body kept quiet. after a few minits the band began to play hale to the chief and the speakers came marching up the middle ile. i looked for father but he wasnt there. evrybody began to clap and stamp and Gim and Willy asked me where my old man was. i stood up to see if he was there and jest then i saw the policeman a rushing at me. he grabed me by the collar and shook me round till i dident know which end my head was on and he draged me down the ile and threw me out. as we were going down the ile i saw Aunt Sarah run-

ning down the other ile as fast as she cood go with her bonnet on the back of her head and Keene and Cele and Georgie following along all bawling. she got out in the entry jest as he was going to put me out of the front door and she grabed me away from him and said you misable cowardly retch to treat a boy that way. he said i whisled and she said he dident and you knew it only you dident dass take ennyone else.

Then she told us to come home and we went home as fast as we cood all bawling. when we got home mother was sitting up alone and aunt Sarah started to tell her and Keene and Cele and Georgie all bawled and you never heard such a noise, and

father was in bed with a headake and hollered out what in time is the matter. and she told him and i heard him jump out of bed and in a minit he came out buttoning up his suspenders. Mother said where in the world are you going George, and he said things is come to a pretty pass if a boy cant go and hear his father make a speach without being banged round by a policeman. i am going down to knock the heads off every policeman there. and he reeched for his vest. mother said George, dont you go near the hall, and father said he cood lick anny 2 men on the police force easy and he would show them how to slam people round and

he reeched for his coat, and Keene and Cele and Georgie began to bawl again to think he wood get hurt and aunt Sarah and mother said you had better not go George, and father said he wood give them more fun in 5 minits than they had seen in a political rally in 5 years and he reeched for his boots and mother said what will they think of you after you have sent word that you are too sick to make a speach, to see you come rushing into the hall and go punching the policemen and father had got on 1 boot and when she said that he began to look kinder sick and said, thunder that is so. and then his headake got wirse and he gave me a

twenty five cent scrip and Keene and Cele and Georgie ten cents each and he went to bed and so did we.

i wonder if his head aked really so he coodent make a speach or if he was scart. i bet he was scart.

school commences monday. father hasent asked once about my diry, so i aint going to wright enny more.

THIRTY YEARS (OR MORE) AFTER.

On looking back over the pages of the "Diary" it appears to me that some sort of an amende honorable is due to those citizens now living, and the relatives and friends of those now dead, whose names have appeared in

the "Diary" and who have, so to speak, been handled without gloves.

That I have been neither mobbed, nor horsewhipped, nor sued, nor prosecuted, but that I have enjoyed many a good laugh with—and have received many pleasant words from —the victims, and their friends, is good evidence that they, and their more fortunate brothers who have not been therein mentioned, have taken the "Diary" in the very spirit in which it was published, that of affectionate and amusing retrospect.

And it is indeed with affection that I recall those men, at that time in their prime. That I could not then understand the reason why they did not fully enter into and ap-

preciate the spirit that prompted me and my boon companions to transgress so many rules, laws, and statutes is not surprising. Boys seldom can understand it. But, although I now fully appreciate it, I often wonder at the spirit that prompted so many of those men in after years to show me so many kindnesses, so much encouragement, and such great forbearance.

So many inquiries have been made of me about that cornet, the soul-filling ambition of my early years, that I feel that the uncertainty in regard to that delightful instrument ought to be cleared up. I never did save up enough money to buy a cornet. I have n't to this day. But many

years afterwards, when my ambition had been turned into other and equally profitless channels, upon the death of a dear friend his beautiful cornet was sent me. I have it now, as the neighbors and the members of my family can testify fully and with deep feeling, if called upon.

H. A. S.

Dramatis Personæ

A GOOD many years ago, during my college days, it was my custom and that of my room-mate, Brown of Exeter, to make our room the gathering-place for Exeter boys, both "stewdcats" and homesick Exeter youths then filling positions in Boston. It happened that frequently undergraduates from other towns and cities came in at these Saturday evening gatherings and it was a matter of wonder to them that we had so much to talk about in relation to our native town; and it was their frequent remark that "either Exeter is a remarkable

place, or you are a remarkably loyal set of fellows."

That Exeter is a remarkable place is an axiom, and no better evidence of the fact can be found (were evidence necessary to sustain an axiom) than in the loyalty that every citizen displays, and the sincere love that prompts every one who has ever come under the spell of our dear old town to revisit her at every opportunity.

Where else could a diary of this nature, dealing with actual persons and actual events, be published and be received with such absolute good-nature and even enthusiasm by the persons now living who are mentioned therein?

Dramatis Personæ

It is therefore with affection as well as amusement that I append the following brief biographical sketches of persons mentioned in the "Diary," preserving as nearly as possible the order of their appearance in the book. As many readers of the "Diary" have expressed a desire to know more of the subsequent histories and achievements of those therein mentioned, it is hoped this information will satisfy a curiosity and interest which, to a loyal son of Exeter, appear quite natural:—

1. *Father.* GEORGE S. SHUTE.

A native of Exeter. For twenty-six years a clerk in the Boston Naval Office. Still living in Exeter, an old man with a young tongue; in fact, the quickest man at repartee in Exeter.

Dramatis Personæ

2. *Mother.*

My mother died in the winter of 1895. No words can do justice to her qualities. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath."

3. *"Gim" Melcher.*

An old friend of my father's. Died in Malden a few years ago.

4. *Some of the men who were "wrighting fast" in the Custom House were the following:—*

George Davis, of Lexington, who a year ago celebrated his fiftieth consecutive year of service in the Naval Office; Colonel Ivory Pope, of Cambridge; Benjamin A. Sidwell, of East Boston; Jacob A. Howe, of Malden; Frank Harriman, a brother of the late Governor Harriman of Concord, N. H.; Hiram Barrus, of Reading, Mass., deceased; C. C. Whittemore, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Charles Mudge, of Malden; Matthew F. Whittier, of Medford, a brother of the poet Whittier, and a newspaper-writer of considerable prominence, writing under

the pen-name of "Ethan Spike"; and TRISTRAM TALBOT, of Newburyport, with others whom the writer does not now recall. A few years later the writer spent several of his college vacations as deputy clerk in the same Naval Office, and made pleasant acquaintances with all of the above-named men. He found them very competent clerks, courteous gentlemen, and the best story-tellers that he ever knew, and recollects those vacations as very pleasant periods in his school life. Some of them still hold positions in the Custom House.

5 *Charles "Talor":* CHARLES TAYLOR.

A great friend of the family. Died in Exeter about ten years ago.

6. *"Beany":* E. L. WATSON.

In business at Williamstown, Mass. Attained his boyhood ambition and married Lizzie "Tole," Ed's sister.

7. *"Pewter":* C. E. PURINGTON.

My near neighbor, a decorative painter, who early displayed talent in this direction.

Dramatis Personæ

8. *"Skinny Bruce":* WM. J. BRUCE.

   A tinsmith of Exeter who still thinks he could have licked Frank Elliott.

9. *Frank Elliott.*

   A successful mechanic in Boston, who is confident that he could have licked "Skinny" Bruce.

10. *"Nipper":* JOHN A. BROWN.

    Exeter. Chairman of the School Board. Trustee of the Seminary. Trustee of the Library. My room-mate at Harvard.

11. *"Micky" Gould.*

    I do not know what became of "Micky." Wherever he is, there is a good-natured, jolly man.

12. *Mr. Winsor.*

    Address not known. How he could throw a snowball.

13. *"Ed" Towle.*

    Exeter, N. H. With a keen memory for old days.

14. *"Dany" Wingate.*

    A very prominent man. The father of J. D. P.

and C. E. L. Wingate of the *Boston Journal.* Died at Exeter many years ago.

15. "*Whacker*": Col. A. M. Chadwick. Lowell, Mass.

16. "*Pozzy*": Austin K. Chadwick. Lowell, Mass.

Two of the best known and most respected citizens of Lowell. Dignified and sedate, but just touch on old Exeter days and watch their eyes twinkle and their tongues loosen.

17. "*Pricilla*": Prof. Charles A. Hobbs. Boston. Has written some dreadful mathematical works, and revisits Exeter often, but not often enough.

18. "*Pheby*": Charles A. Taylor. Has inherited the very qualities that made his father so good a friend.

19. "*Lubbin.*" Address not known.

20. "*Nigger*" *Bell.* So called because his hair was so very white.

Professor of Chemistry in a Western University. Died recently in Malden.

21. *Tommy Thompson:* R. G. THOMPSON.

New London, Conn.

22. *"Dutchy":* DR. WILLIAM A. SEAMANS.

New York City. Fullback on the Harvard '77 eleven. There are several ex-principals of the Exeter High School who will remember Thompson and Seamans in very clear and vivid colors.

23. *"Chick" Chickering:* PROF. JOHN J. CHICKERING.

Flushing, L. I. Commissioner of Public Education of New York State.

24. *"Tady":* TIMOTHY FINTON.

Exeter. An expert wood-worker with a leaning for politics.

25. *"Gim" Wingate:* JAMES D. P. WINGATE.

Winchester, Mass. The business manager of the *Boston Journal.*

Dramatis Personæ

26. *"Skipy":* H. C. Moses.

Exeter. For many years in the wholesale wool business in Boston. One of the keenest sportsmen and best wing shots in New Hampshire.

27. *"Pile":* John G. Wood.

Chicago. Manager of the McKay Cordage Factory in Chicago. Promises to return to Exeter when he has made his "pile" ($100,000). From present indications, the prospect is favorable.

28. *Billy Folsom:* Wm. H. Folsom.

Exeter. Member of the firm of E. Folsom & Co. Brass Works. One of Harvard's greatest pitchers.

29. *"Hoppy" Gadd.*

A very eccentric but sterling citizen, who could make cowhide boots which, like the panels in the "one-horse shay," "would last like iron for things like these." Died in Exeter a few years ago.

30. *"Si" Smith.*

The man with the "funny sine." Died in Exeter nearly thirty years ago.

Dramatis Personæ

31. *"Gran" Miller* and *"Ben" Rundlet.*
Addresses not known.

32. *Squire Lane.*
Died in Lynn.

33. *Charles Burley.*
Died in Exeter. For many years Treasurer of Phillips Exeter Academy, and Superintendent of the "Unitarial" Sunday School.

34. *"Keene":* My Sister, Mrs. C. E. Byington.
Exeter. A very able and accomplished woman. The one to whom all members of the family go when in trouble.

35. *Lucy Watson.*
Mrs. Frank Conner of Lynn.

36. *"Curley" Conner:* Mr. Frank Conner.
Lynn. Husband of the aforesaid.

37. *"Jo" Parsons:* Mr. Joseph S. Parsons.
Boston. An expert bookkeeper.

Dramatis Personæ

38. *"Billy" Swett:* Mr. Wm. Swett.

Jamaica Plain. I remember him as one of the most polite and affable boys I ever met.

39. *Mr. "Lovel," who said, "o hell":* C. Lovell, 2d.

One of the best amateur actors and jolliest men I ever knew. Died recently.

40. *John Flanagan.*

Exeter. A tinsmith and co-laborer with "Skinny" Bruce.

41. *"Gimmy" Fitzgerald.*

Died at Exeter thirty years ago.

42. *"Old" Head:* Oren Head.

Many students will affectionately remember him. Deceased.

43. *"Bob" Carter.*

The old janitor of the Town Hall. Gruff, but very kind-hearted. Deceased.

44. *"Wats":* Irving M. Watson.

Father of "Beany," and pleasantly like him.

Dramatis Personæ

45. *John Getchell.*
A liberal, free, and kind-hearted Exeter merchant. Deceased.

46. *Eben Folsom.*
Uncle of "Billy," and head of the firm of which Billy is a member.

47. "*Charlie*": Dr. C. H. Gerrish.

48. "*Doc*" *Prey*: Dr. J. E. S. Pray.
Gentlemen both, of whom the writer can say everything good.

49. *Alice* "*Gewell,*" *who was* "*a dary maid*": Miss Alice Jewell.
Instructor of singing in the schools of Exeter.

50. "*Old Kize*": Philander Keyes.
A policeman of thirty years ago. Deceased.

51. "*Bill*" *Hartnett.*
Who used to make it lively for the last mentioned. A man of many good qualities notwithstanding. Deceased.

Dramatis Personæ

52. *"Old" Swain.*

A contemporary of "Old Kize," and a co-laborer in the same vineyard.

53. *"Mister" Gordon:* Hon. Nathaniel Gordon.

A retired lawyer of Exeter.

54. *Dora Moses.*

55. *Mary "Loverin":* Mrs. Mary Lethbridge.

Two beautiful girls and inseparable companions, whose deaths were untimely and irreparable.

56. *"Cele"* · My sister, Celia E. Shute.

Exeter. A stenographer, and a writer of short stories for magazines.

57. *"Cawcaw" Harding:* Prof. B. F. Harding.

Boston. An early advocate of those methods of instruction that result in *"mens sana in corpore sano."*

Dramatis Personæ

58. *"Doctor" Dearborn.*

A most eccentric old apothecary. Died in Exeter a few years ago.

59. *"Aunt Sarah":* Miss Sarah F. Shute.

Exeter. The favorite aunt of a large family, all of whose geese are swans.

60. *"Fatty" Melcher:* F. A. Melcher.

Boston. So named because he was *not* fat.

61. *"Genny" Morrison:* Mrs. John J. Joyce.

Andover, Mass. By not appearing at our Grammar School Reunion "Genny" disappointed five hundred people.

62. *J. Albert Clark.*

Exeter. One of the proprietors of the Exeter Machine Works. He has always had a very kindly interest in "Beany" and "Plupy," in spite of the many annoyances he suffered at their boyish hands.

63. *"Bill" Morrill:* Mr. Wm. B. Morrill.

For many years selectman of Exeter. Died in 1878.

Dramatis Personæ

64. *"Dave" Quimby.*

Every student will recollect him. Died at Exeter recently.

65. *"Chitter":* JAMES ROBINSON.

A truckman in Boston.

66. *"Boog" Chadwick.*

A New York broker, whose "heart 's in the highlands;" to wit, Exeter.

67. *"Pop" Clark:* WILL CLARK.

Roxbury, Mass. A born comedian and a delightfully entertaining man.

68. *"Shinny" Thyng.*

One of the few Exeter boys who continues his father's business at the old stand. If more did the same, the prosperity of country towns would be assured.

69. *"Gim" Erly.*

Lives somewhere in the West.

70. *"Honey" Donovan:* WILLIAM DONOVAN.

Providence.

Dramatis Personæ

71. *"Mose" Gordon.*
A Texas cattle-man.

72. *Mr. Larned.*
Unitarian clergyman. Deceased.

73. *"Gil" Steele.*
A merchant in Denver.

74. *"Mis Packerd":* Mrs. Mary Packard.
A famous local singer, now living in California.

75. *"Gim Loverin":* James M. Lovering.
A very shrewd politician. Deceased.

76. *"Old Mister Stickney":* Judge W. W. Stickney.
With whom I studied law. Deceased; not, however, because of that fact. Judge Stickney was a sound lawyer and an upright, kind-hearted man.

77. *"Ed" Dearborn.*
The old bell-ringer. Deceased.

78. *John Quincy "Ann" Pollard:* J. Q. A. Pollard.
A very old man, upon whom the boys were wont

to play tricks, but who had developed wonderful precision of aim with a knotted cane. Deceased.

79. *Dan Ranlet:* D. W. RANLET.
Boston Produce Exchange.

80. *George M. Perkins.*
For many years an expressman between Boston and Exeter.

81. *John E. Gibson.*
Master of the Agassiz School, Boston. Residence, Jamaica Plain. I take the opportunity to notify him that the Exeter High School holds its quinquennial reunion June, 1903.

82. *Isaac Shute.*
A retired merchant of Exeter. Deceased.

83. *Major Blake.*
A famous Boniface, and for many years proprietor of the Squamscott. Deceased.

84. *Charles D. Towle.*
An equally famous livery-stable keeper, who

periodically fought to a finish with Major Blake for passengers to Hampton Beach. Deceased.

85. *Frank Haines.*

A farmer. Residence, Exeter.

86. "*The Baby*": EDWARD A. SHUTE.

Exeter. Who can now handle his elder brother with ease.

87. "*Frankie*": FRANK F. SHUTE.

Who thinks he can do likewise, but cannot. A hotel-keeper at Lakewood, New Jersey.

88. "*Annie*": MISS ANNIE P. SHUTE.

Who, by virtue of a clerkship in my office, owns the entire establishment.

89. "*Georgie.*"

Instructor in Latin and French in the Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

90. "*Nibby.*"

A summer visitor named Hartwell. Deceased.

91. *Hiram Mingo.*

A colored boy. Address not known.

Dramatis Personæ

92. *Joe Palmer.*

A hackman with whom the boys used to ride. Address not known.

93. *John E. Gardner.*

A member of an old family of merchants in Exeter. Deceased. Brother of Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, the artist.

94. *General Marston.*

A famous New Hampshire lawyer and veteran of the Civil War. Deceased.

95. *Amos Tuck.*

A famous lawyer, politician, financier, and Member of Congress. Deceased.

96. *Mr. Gravel.*

Address not known.

97. *Elkins and Graves.*

Famous auctioneers at that period. Deceased.

98. *Scott "Briggam."*

One of the boys then, one of the boys now. Exeter.

Dramatis Personæ

99. *Charlie Woodbury.*
Deceased.

100. "*Potter*" *Gorham:* ARTHUR GORHAM.
Killed by an accidental discharge of his gun nearly thirty years ago. A born naturalist.

101. "*Old Francis.*"
For thirty-three years principal at the Grammar School at Exeter. On his resignation, a few years ago, a reunion was held which was attended by old pupils from every State in the Union, to do him honor. Still hale and hearty, and living in Exeter.

102. *Doctor Perry.*
An old family physician, who has ushered more children and children's children into the world than any man in the county, and who is beloved and revered by every one of them. Miss Jewett, in her "Country Doctor," based her delightful description upon Dr. William G. Perry, her uncle. Living in Exeter.

103. *John Adams.*
Who has trimmed enough carriages to set all

New Hampshire awheel, and who still practises his trade in Exeter.

104. *Nell Towle:* Mrs. George W. Hooper.

Exeter. As rosy, good-natured, and musically inclined as she was in the good old days.

105. *William Perry Moulton.*

A prosperous real-estate and insurance man, who unfortunately for his peace of mind tried to raise Bartlett pears, Concord grapes, and Astrachan apples in the neighborhood that was infested by "Plupy" and his associates; who frequently tracked, chased, and caught them red-handed, but who was too kind-hearted even then to deprive them of their ill-gotten gains.

106. *"Chris" Staples.*

Who remembers the fight with Charlie Clark.

107. *Charlie Clark.*

Deceased. Just before he died he read the "Diary" and sent word to the author that he remembered the scene in which he figured and much enjoyed the book.

Dramatis Personæ

108. *Mr. Ashman.*

A veteran band-leader of Boston.

109. *Frank Hervey.*

A veteran restaurant-keeper in Exeter. Now living in Concord, N. H.

110. "*Rashe Belnap*": WILLIAM H. BELKNAP.

A retired banker and real-estate man of Exeter. Town clerk of Exeter for twenty-five years.

111. *Henry Simpson.*

Periodical dealer in the late sixties. Living in Maine.

112. *Luke Manix.*

Now living in Texas. As a boy he could curve a snowball round the corner, like T. B. Aldrich's "Binny Wallace."

113. "*Bob Ridley*": GEORGE ELLIOTT.

Exeter. A right good fellow.

114. *Sam Dyer.*

A rather eccentric blacksmith. Died in the West.

Dramatis Personæ

115. *Horace Cobb.*

A good-natured, short, and extremely fat man. A native of Exeter, and last of a very prominent family. Died several years ago.

116. *Dennis Cokely.*

Address not known. I have always felt badly "to think the fight was throwed away, and neither of them licked."

117. *Johnnie Rogers.*

A cousin of the Chadwicks. Deceased.

118. *Cap. John W. Chadwick.*

A retired sea-captain. Father of "Poz," "Boog," "Whack," and "Willie," "Whack's little brother." A most cultivated gentleman, whose heart was kind, but whose word was law. Deceased.

119. *"Zee" Smith:* FRANK SMITH.

Deceased in Lowell.

120. *Miss Pratt.*

A laundress much patronized by students. She accumulated much property by practising the gentle art of polishing shirts.

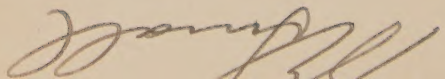
Dramatis Personæ

121. *"Old Durgin":* Mr. Ezra Durgin.

A rather quick-tempered but worthy policeman, contemporary with "Old Swain" and "Old Kize."

122. *Various "stewdcats."*

Who have played their parts and gone.

123. *"Plupy," "Skinny," "Polelegs":* The Author.

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